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LUDVIG HOLBERG.

PART I.

THE literature of modern Scandinavia was, like that of modern Germany, slow to emerge from the intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages. In Italy the new dawn of letters came with the close of the thirteenth century; in England, with the close of the fourteenth; in France, with the close of the fifteenth; and in Spain, with the close of the sixteenth. But the figure that stands upon the threshold of modern German literature is that of Lessing, who lived in the eighteenth century; and the writer who ushers in the literature of modern Denmark is Holberg, who was a boy of sixteen when the seventeenth century rounded to its close. Both in Germany and in Scandinavia, indeed, the Reformation had been followed by a period of intellectual ferment, but the energies thus liberated found their chief vent in theological and political discussion. The historians of Danish literature speak of this period as the age of learning, but it was an age which left humanism clean out of the question, and even its learning was of the narrow scholastic type. The dawn of the eighteenth century found Danish theologians busily discussing such questions as whether a human being might be changed into a pillar of salt by natural means, or whether God might have come to earth, had he so willed, in the form of a sponge or a frog.

Into the world thus busied, which was destined during his lifetime and largely owing to his activity to undergo so complete an intellectual transformation, Ludvig Holberg was born on the 3d of December, 1684. His birthplace was

Bergen, then a busy Hansa town; and this accident has led the Norwegians, overzealous for their particular section of Scandinavian soil, to claim him for their own, and to dispute his title as the "Father of Danish Literature." The facts are, of course, that Norway and Denmark were politically one until 1814; that, up to this time, they had—as they still have, nearly—a common language; and that the literatures of the two countries were practically inseparable. Copenhagen was the intellectual center of the kingdom, and nearly all the literature produced, whether by Danes or Norwegians, there saw the light, and for that reason is properly described as Danish literature. Since 1814 there has arisen what may fairly be called a Norwegian literature, although a large part of it has been written in the Danish language and printed in Copenhagen. As for Holberg, he saw Norway for the last time in 1705, and all the associations of the years of his fame were with the Danish capital. So we may safely call him a Danish writer, while recognizing the fact that he was a Norwegian by birth, and the still larger fact that he wrote for all the Scandinavian countries and made for himself the greatest name in all Scandinavian literature. Even in Sweden, with its different form of speech, his name was cherished and his books were widely read, as is shown by a pretty story which Scheibe, his friend and German biographer, tells us. The story runs that a distinguished Danish scholar, traveling in Sweden, reached Stockholm at the same time as the news of Holberg's death. He had occasion to send for a shoemaker, who, on coming and learning that his patron was a Dane, burst forth into a lament: "Ah, sir, your great man is dead!" The Dane was surprised that a common workingman should be so affected by the news, and asked the shoemaker what he knew about Holberg. "Should I not know him?" replied the man. "If you will go home with me, you will find all of your Holberg's writings in my house. They are my favorite books; I read them morning and night."

The principal authority for the facts of Holberg's life, except for the closing years, is a sort of autobiography,

originally published in his "Opuscula Latina," and translated into Danish with the title "Trende Epistler" (Three Epistles), under his own supervision. An English translation of this work was published early in the present century, but it is, of course, no longer obtainable, and our extracts are retranslated from the standard Danish version. This little volume is one of the most readable of the author's works; it is candid and concise, and mingles jest with earnest in an altogether delightful fashion. The touch of the writer of satirical comedy is frequently seen, and the author describes his own foibles with the same sort of good humor that goes to the creation of the types immortalized in "Den Danske Skue-Plads," or collection of his plays.

From this autobiography we learn, first of all, that Ludvig was the youngest of twelve children, and that he was left an orphan at the age of ten. Until he was eighteen he went to school in Bergen, and was then sent to Copenhagen for an examination. Being without the money needful for university study, he soon returned to Norway, where he became tutor in the family of a clergyman at Voss, a village near Bergen. One of the conditions imposed upon him was that he should preach in his employer's place when the latter was unable to attend to his duties. The student thus spent a year in "flogging children and converting peasants," being rather more successful in the latter than in the former task. "The peasants . . . thought me such a success as a preacher that they compared me with Master Peter, of blessed memory, one of their former priests, whom they considered a second Chrysostomus." Perhaps our amateur theologian won the gratitude of his hearers by the unusual brevity of his sermons. At all events, he says elsewhere: "I was in my youth once reproached by a priest because a sermon I had given in his presence was only a quarter of an hour long, but I maintained that, allowing for the tautologies and unnecessary repetitions of his discourse, our sermons were of equal length." Having saved a little money from his year's work, he went to Copenhagen again, studied French and Italian, got a second-class in philosophy and a *laudabi-*

lem in theology. During the summer of 1704 he was a tutor in Bergen, but soon tired of the drudgery, and, in the early autumn, with sixty *rigsdaler* in his pocket, set out to see the world.

This first glimpse of foreign lands was gained in about two months' time, and at the cost of no slight hardship. He went to Amsterdam, and found learning at a discount there, "a scholar being held in less esteem than a skipper." Then he came down with a fever, and went to Aachen for a cure. His last *skilling* spent, he tramped back to Amsterdam, and there contrived to raise money for the passage home. This was the first of the five foreign journeys made by Holberg in about twenty years. In itself it was unimportant, but all the five taken together were of great significance both for him and his country; since from these excursions into the larger world of thought and action he brought back nothing less than the great gift of European culture to bestow upon his fellow-countrymen; through him the light of the modern intelligence shone through the darkness of the North. His task was analogous, although in a different sphere, to that of Peter the Great, for whom he always expressed great admiration. "From the dawn of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Brandes, "then casting its light over Europe, he came home to find the long night of the sixteenth century. . . . He felt that he stood in an Augean stable of pedantry and superstition which needed to be cleansed." The freedom of the human spirit was asserting itself in many directions abroad; at home it was held in the shackles of tradition. In France the modern spirit of inquiry and the revolt from established principles had found expression in the writings of Rabelais and Montaigne, of Descartes and Bayle; in England, its spokesmen numbered Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Newton, and Locke; in Germany, Leibnitz and Pufendorf; in Holland, Spinoza and Grotius. Holberg felt called upon to become the interpreter of these men and their ideas to his fellow-countrymen, and his life was given to the work. Since his time the Scandinavian countries have never lagged so far behind the rest of Europe. Yet

they are placed, by their very situation, apart from the main currents of active thought, and it is characteristic of their literature, from that time to the present, that its main inspiration has come from without, brought home by those of its more energetic representatives who have gone forth to see the signs of the times. Ibsen, in 1864, finding the air of Norway too sultry to breathe, but repeats the experience of Holberg a century and a half earlier.

After a winter in Christiansand, where he gave lessons in foreign languages and was considered, he tells us, a second Mithridates, Holberg went abroad for the second time, his objective point being Oxford. Here he spent the two years 1705-07, pursuing his studies and supporting himself by lessons in the languages and in music. He made many friends among the students, and they so spread his praises that he got the reputation of being the finest musician and teacher of languages in the whole town. "I shall not myself state," he remarks with quiet humor, "of which of the two subjects I was the greater master." He praises Oxford as a university, where, more than in any other, law and authority are respected, and where "honorable, industrious, and Christian" lives are led. The history of this Oxford sojourn is not very well known, since Holberg makes but meagre references to it in his published writings; but a recent critic, Herr Olsvig, in a book entitled "*Det Store Vendepunkt i Holbergs Liv*" (*The Great Turning Point in Holberg's Life*), has adduced considerable evidence in support of the thesis that Holberg was a friend of Addison, that he was strongly influenced by the English essayist, and that the germs of several of the comedies are to be found in the "*Spectator*" and "*Tatler*." The stay at Oxford was, in any event, a turning point in another sense, for he went back not to Norway, but to Copenhagen, and never thereafter set foot upon his native soil.

In Copenhagen Holberg announced himself as a lecturer upon the subject of his travels, and found no lack of listeners, who were characterized alike by willingness to hear and unwillingness to pay. The following winter (1707-08) he

went abroad for the third time, accompanying a young gentleman to the Danish embassy at Dresden. In Germany he attended some lectures at Leipzig and Halle. After his return he spent a year as tutor in a private family. In 1709 an opening offered itself in a private college, and here he spent five years. During this period he published his "Introduktion til de Europæiske Rigers Historier" (Introduction to the History of the European Kingdoms), the first work of its kind in the Danish language, and busied himself besides with other historical writings. One of these was dedicated to King Frederick the Fourth, and got for its author the appointment of Professor Extraordinary at the University, an honor which brought with it no emoluments. The publication of his "Introduktion" got the author into a bitter literary controversy, in which he was accused of plagiarism from Puffendorf. The charge amounted to nothing, for the work was avowedly a compilation, and its debt to Puffendorf was freely acknowledged. Holberg's own comment on the matter is as amusing as it is characteristic. "Since the work appears, to a cursory observation, to be nothing more than a version, there was a certain Danish historical writer who charged me with having taken it directly from Puffendorf, whereas, if looked at closely, most of it will be found to be taken from other authors, excepting the part about Germany." This controversy is mainly significant because it first aroused Holberg's consciousness of his possession of the gift of satire, and helped prepare the way for "Peder Paars" and the comedies.

It seemed to Holberg a good deal of a joke that he should be made a professor at the University, in view of the subjects most industriously pursued in that institution. "I could," he says, "by good luck frame a syllogism after a fashion, but could by no means be sure whether it was in Barbara or Elizabeth. I had also heard that there was something in existence known as *Philosophia Instrumentalis*, ruled over by logic and metaphysics, but I had never had anything to do with it." The question of subsistence in his unsalaried position was, however, anything but a joke, for his new dig-

nity debarred him from gaining support by means of private instruction. But the difficulty soon disappeared, for there came presently a stipend of one hundred *rigsdaler* annually, granted upon condition that the time be spent in study abroad. So he set out in the spring of 1714, upon his fourth foreign journey, remaining away from home more than two years. Much of this time was spent in Paris, his stay in that city being followed by an Italian journey, including a winter in Rome. A great deal of his traveling was done on foot, for the modest stipend at his disposal admitted of no expenditure not strictly necessary, and the period was a constant struggle with poverty and ill health. The teacher of French was taken aback when he found that he could not make himself understood in Paris (the thing has been known before and since), and particularly upon overhearing a remark to the uncomplimentary effect that "he spoke French like a German horse." In Paris he read busily at the libraries and listened to theological disputations in the churches. He kept eyes and ears wide open, and saw and heard many new things. He did not allow his sympathies to interfere with his objective interests, as appears from his comment on the galleys at Marseilles. "The sight was one that called for tears, but, considering that I had never seen it before, it gave me a sort of pleasure." In Genoa he came down with the fever that was to be his constant companion for many months, fell into the hands of a brutal and rapacious lodging-house keeper, and echoed Dante's denunciation of the Genoese:

Uomini diversi
D'ogni costume, e pien d'ogni magagna,
Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi?

remarking in addition that as liars "the Cretans of the time of Epimenides could not compare with them." On the way to Civita Vecchia, his ship fell in with a pirate, a very real danger in those days, but there were two ships in company, and while the pirate was engaged with the other that which bore Holberg escaped. In Rome he studied the antiquities and frequented the libraries, but found that Bayle's dictionary

and the other books that he most wanted were on the "Index" and not to be consulted. He pleaded in vain that, being a heretic already, the prohibited books could not make him any worse than he was. This is a touch of true Holbergian humor. In the summer of 1716 he made his way homeward, leaving his fever on the way, and his *Wanderjahre* were over. The one foreign journey subsequently made by him took place ten years later, when the formative period of his life was passed, and he was at the height of his fame.

For two years after his return Holberg lived in great poverty. At this time he published his "Introduktion til Natur-og Folkeretten" (Introduction to the Law of Nature and the Law of Nations), a work based on Grotius and Puffendorf. At last a chair became vacant in the University, and he was called upon to fill it. He was installed in his professorship in the summer of 1787, and for the rest of his life remained occupying higher and higher positions in close official connection with the University. The chair now offered him was that of metaphysics, the last that he would have chosen, but hunger was the only alternative, and so, with a wry face, he accepted, and became for two years *philosophe malgré lui*. "I will confess right out," he says, "that I did not follow in the footsteps of my predecessors, and that metaphysics could not possibly get into greater straits than under my leadership." His inaugural address in praise of the science was thought by his opponents to be more like a funeral oration than a eulogy. When, more than twenty years later, he described in "Niels Klim" his conception of a Utopian state, he represented metaphysicians as treated by bleeding and confinement in asylums. Dr. Brandes collects some interesting illustrations of what metaphysics meant in those days, and very plausibly finds in Holberg's enforced and distasteful occupation a main cause of the irony which was planted deep within his soul, and the active impulse which led to the development of his genius in its most characteristic phase.

"Peder Paars," the first of the works to which Holberg

owes his fame, was published in parts in 1719 and 1720. It is a poem—that is, it has the poetical form—although as destitute of the spirit of true poetry as are the verses of Swift or the “*Lutrin*” of Boileau, which latter work it suggests. Holberg was not a poet, and could not become one. “I could not find the least pleasure in hearing the most exquisite verse,” he says, and farther, “I read Latin verses at times, but only when compelled to, and then read them not so much for the pleasure they gave me as to profit by the Latin language.” The gifts of irony and satire he had in the richest measure; his humor was all but the deepest, and his imagination was vivid upon every side but the poetic. His intellectual and human sympathies embraced nearly all the life and thought of mankind. He belonged to the type of Molière and Voltaire, both of whom wrote verses in abundance, but of whom we do not think primarily, and in the second case hardly at all, as of poets. He was the incarnation of intelligence tempered by sympathy. He even had his enthusiasms, although the superficial student might fail to find them. We are satisfied on this point by a single passage of the autobiography. In Rotterdam he finds the school children amusing themselves by throwing stones at the statue of Erasmus, and his indignation breaks forth: “It is shameful that this monument should be thus desecrated, for not only Rotterdam but the whole educated world ought to respect it for the sake of a man whose very dust posterity should kiss.”

“Peder Paars” is a mock epic, in four books and fourteen cantos, comprising upward of six thousand verses. It is written in rhymed iambic hexameter, of a very pedestrian gait. Its title is the name of the hero, a grocer of Callundborg, who undertakes a journey to Aars (Aarhus) to see his sweetheart, and has many surprising adventures on the way. It was published under the name of “Hans Mickelson, citizen of Callundborg,” and provided with prefaces and annotations, by an equally mythical “Just Justesen,” who figures as its learned editor. Speaking under the mask of the latter, Holberg thus states the objects of the work: “Al-

though the author's principal purpose has been to ridicule the many ballads that are with so much eagerness read by the common people, as may be seen from his preface, he has also wished to poke fun at heroic verse. And as the French satirist, M. Despreaux, has chosen to make a splendid song out of such trivial material as his "Lutrin," so our author has selected for himself a very commonplace occurrence—namely, a man's journey from Callundborg to Aars. And as Minerva and Neptune in the "Odyssey" of Homer, and Juno and Venus in the books of Virgil's "Æneid" thwart one another, Envy and Venus play here the same parts. Indeed, if we take away from Homer and Virgil both gods and goddesses and that which is called the *merveilleux*, what remains is very meager—namely, the journey of a couple of men from one place in the Mediterranean Sea to another." Considered in relation to the first of the objects thus stated, we see that Holberg's impulse was similar to that which prompted Cervantes in his ridicule of the romances of chivalry. In its relation to the second the impulse was at least a very natural one for a writer of the prosaic eighteenth century.

At any rate, "Peder Paars" is from beginning to end a travesty of the heroic epic, employing and turning to ridicule the supernatural machinery and the rhetorical devices of the classics of antiquity. Both the one and the other seemed absurd enough to this shrewd humorist. Clear-headed and warm-hearted in his defense of the good and the true, his limitations on the imaginative side did not permit him to know the beautiful. Probably the use to which the classics were put in an institution like the University of Copenhagen was sufficient to repress any impulse on the part of anybody to enter into their spirit or to appreciate their real significance. The beauty of the "Iliad" would not be revealed to a student who considered the poem a mere storehouse of argument upon one side or the other of some meaningless disputation, or who read it, to take the example given in "Peder Paars," that he might demonstrate Venus to have been wounded in the right hand instead of in the

left arm or the thigh, as others maintained. The fun of Peder Paars" is even carried into the notes, where we read, for example, after a passage which somewhat strains the imagination: "This sort of thing is called hyperbole, and is very common with good poets, especially with Homer."

On his voyage to Aars our hero is wrecked by the connivance of Envy with Æolus upon the island of Anholt, in the Cattegat. The story of his adventures is told in a way that proves surprisingly interesting, even at this date, although there are some wearisome digressions. And the satire (for the poem, although its action is placed a century back, is at every point a satire upon Holberg's contemporaries) is of a sort that may still be enjoyed. It was abundantly enjoyed in Holberg's time, as the popularity of the poem attests, except by those who felt themselves ridiculed in it. A certain Frederik Rostgaard, a man of learning and high rank, but, we fear, without the sense of humor, felt greatly aggrieved at the work, and even petitioned the king that it might be publicly burned by the hangman, and the author duly punished. Rostgaard was a landowner in Anholt, and he objected to the way in which the inhabitants of that little island were described. The following passage may perhaps make his grievance intelligible:

Anholt, the island's name, in answer he did say,
And daily for seafarers the islanders do pray,
That they may come to shore. And answer oft is given,
For hither storm-tossed ships quite frequently are driven.
Good people are they now, although I fear 'tis true
That they in former days were but a sorry crew.
A very aged man, once guest of mine, I know,
Who told me of a priest that lived here long ago—
His name I do not give, it need not mentioned be—
Who for a child baptized a daler charged as fee;
And when 'twas asked of him upon what grounds, and why
He made this double charge, he boldly gave reply:
"Two marks I am allowed for each child I baptize,
And two for burial. Now rarely 'tis one dies
Of sickness in his bed, for hanged are nearly all,
And thus my rightful dues I get, or not at all."
Of yore their lives were evil, as we from this may tell—
It little touches me, for here I do not dwell—
But now we see that better they grow from day to day,
For Christian lives they lead, and shipwrecks are their stay.

The government and customs of the island are further described as follows:

Our faith is clean and pure, as when in former days
 King Dan sat at the helm; our worthy bailiff lays
 His ban on every fancy that dares itself to show.
 I call to mind the notion that here not long ago
 Was spread abroad, and said 'twas wicked to enjoy
 The wrecks the seas brought hither. Such doctrine to destroy
 Our bailiff took good heed. Nor do I needful deem
 To state how he thereby was raised in our esteem.

In a passage that gave particular offense to the solemn pedants of the university, an academic disputation is thus described:

The entire hall was seen with syllogisms quaking,
 While some their outstretched hands, and others fists were shaking.
 From off the learned brows salt perspiration ran,
 And most profusely from a venerable man
 Who in the pulpit stood. There flew his head about
 Greek-Latin shafts so thick, one could no longer doubt
 That nothing less than life and honor were at stake,
 Since for no trifle men would such a tumult make.
 Tell me, Calliope, what deep, what grievous wrong
 Hath to such passionate wrath stirred up this learned throng?
 What ails these sages now, whose minds the world illume,
 That here like men made drunk or mad they shout and fume?

This war of words, and the battle of the books described in a subsequent passage, caused the worthy Herr Rostgaard to tremble with indignation, as may be seen from the following extracts from the petition already mentioned: "That which is *satyrice* related of a disputation and of the ensuing disgraceful and preposterous battle at the University (of which all Christendom could hardly offer the like, for never has such a scene been anywhere witnessed) may by the mention of the bishop's beard be proved to refer to no other University than that of Copenhagen, and any one may judge whether it was not the author's intention, in this shameful story, to give to the general public the *idée*, which it pleases him to entertain, of our University and of learning."

It was not alone to the defense of the University that our petitioner so valiantly came. "Peder Paars" was to be consigned to the hangman partly an account of its "unbe-

coming and scandalous expressions directed against the Royal University, the *Rectorem Magnificum*, the bishop, and other professors; and what is of far greater consequence, against our Christian religion and God's Holy Word." The attack upon religion was not a very serious one. The priest of Anholt is described as a very learned man, who knows his Paternoster and a great many things besides. He has no Bible, but has some fine sermon books instead, adorned with copper plates. He also knows how to increase the revenues of the Church by working upon the fears and superstitions of his flock. The parish clerk, too, is a man of parts, who knows how to mold wax candles, and has a voice like a nightingale. The satire is mild in comparison, let us say, with that of "Tartufe." Tradition tells us that the king read the poem and found it amusing. At all events the petition came to naught, and with it all attempts to suppress the circulation of the satire. When the third book appeared, it was with a preface in which the author playfully alludes to the notion entertained by some people that "to make sport of a parish clerk, whose lofty and important function it is to say 'Amen' in church, is also necessarily to make sport of religion." And the first complete edition of the poem was provided with a lengthy introduction in which the author speaks in the character of the learned commentator, Just Justesen, and stoutly defends the work against the charge of dealing lightly with sacred things. After pointing out that his offense had been to describe an avaricious and ignorant priest of a century ago, he says: "I will leave it to any intelligent man if this can be taken as bearing upon the clergy of to-day, if one can fairly be charged with impiety for saying that a bad and ignorant priest lived in Anholt more than a hundred years ago, and if they who take the author to task are not more to blame than the author himself?"

Holberg might well find consolation for the attacks upon "Peder Paars," to us so laughable in their seriousness, in the popular success of the poem. No Danish book had ever before aroused such interest or found so large and ap-

preciative a public. Welhaven justly says: "The publication of 'Peder Paars' marks an epoch both in Holberg's life and in the history of our literature. Such vitality and humor, such energy and volume had not before been known in Danish poetry, and nowhere had the national manners and conditions received such free and clever delineation." As for the enemies that it made the author, no one realized more fully than he that their enmity was to be expected, and he was proudly conscious that posterity would atone for all the injustice done him during his lifetime. Two years afterwards he published a little volume containing five satirical poems, one of them being a dialogue in which "Peder Paars" is discussed much as Goethe's "Faust" is discussed in the "Vorspiel auf dem Theater." In verses that come as near to being genuine poetry as any that Holberg ever penned, one of the speakers is made to forecast the fate of the work that had already made Holberg famous:

Perchance, when in the grave his body moldering lies,
Perchance, when with his death the voice of envy dies,
Another tone may swell, struck from another chord,
And things now hidden men may view with sight restored.
Admit the work does not display the scholar's lore,
Admit that 'tis a phantasy, and nothing more—
Although of little use, yet with a work of art
For many learned books a wise man will not part.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

[A greatly condensed form of this essay has been published in "A Library of the World's Best Literature." For their permission to reproduce the matter which appeared in that work the author is indebted to the courtesy of the publishers.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE.¹

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL reminiscences have to many minds, apart from their subject-matter, an attraction of their own. In our later years we are still apt to echo the childish entreaty, "Tell me what happened when you were a little boy," and the story told in the first person has been adopted by writers of fiction as carrying with it a sense of reality which could not otherwise be obtained. This accounts for the success of records differing as widely as the "Greville Memoirs," Pierre Loti's "Roman d'un Enfant," the "Récit d'une Sœur" and Newman's "Apologia," amongst readers for whom the story they have to tell might have been supposed to possess but little interest. It is often in fact not so much a question of the story as of the story-teller; but even if we knew nothing of Mr. de Vere, these chapters of recollections would have an interest and a charm. They date almost from the beginning of the century, they are concerned with many of its most prominent names in literature, full of persons and yet free from trivial or ungenerous personalities, a pleasant stream of memories babbling over the stones of the past, bringing with it a sense of freshness, a wholesome scent of summer fields and breezy uplands. For Aubrey de Vere could never have been numbered either for good or ill amongst the children of the world. He has indeed been enrolled amongst its citizens and had many friends amongst its votaries, he has been well acquainted with its language and conformed to its usages; but his habitual dwelling has been in a region of wider horizons, where high ideals are not dwarfed by present exigencies nor poetical aspirations sacrificed to the demands of business or pleasure. Of the stress and strain of official life he has indeed had no experience; the tasks which he has accomplished have been set by himself, and he has been a persistent rather than a strenuous worker. Leisure indeed he has had in full measure; a fruitful

¹ London and New York: Edward Arnold. 1897. 8vo, pp. 374.

leisure, free from the hurry of competition or the fever of undertakings necessarily accomplished at high pressure and compressed into stated times. His observations are frequently made from the vantage ground of the spectator, and indeed with regard to some of the concerns of life he is in the position of a man who has studied the rules of a game which he has not had occasion to put into practice, but in matters upon which his imagination has been employed he has had not only a fine appreciation, but a wide and varied range.

Brought up in the seclusion of an Irish country home, Curragh Chase, Adare, roaming from earliest childhood about its wide lawns and pastures and through its noble woods, a portion of ancient Ireland's primeval forest, his love for nature in her varying moods was awakened and strengthened as the years passed on by ample opportunities for intimate knowledge and sympathetic observation. "No change was desired by us," he writes, "and little came. The winds of early spring waved the long masses of daffodils till they made a confused though rapturous splendor in the lake close by, just as they had done the year before; and those who saw the pageant hardly noted that those winds were cold. Each spring the blackbird gave us again his ro_h strong note, and the robins as the season advanced gained a roundness and fullness like that of the thrush. Each year we watched the orderly succession of the flowers, and if the bluebell or the cowslip came a little before or after its proper time, we felt as much aggrieved as the child who misses the words he was accustomed to in the story heard a hundred times before. Each spring there came again the contented cooing of the wood doves far away, and that tremulous pathos of the young lamb's bleat, which hardly seemed in harmony with his gladness as he bounded over the pastures illuminated by the sudden April green. Each year the autumn replaced the precipitate ardors of the spring with graver joys and more sedate fruitions. . . . The maple as of old relinquished its fires, and there was the falling leaf and the frightened flutter of the poplar's gilded

tablets, in place of the thickening leaves and deepening shadows of the verdant woodlands; but beyond these woodlands a remoter landscape was once more seen through clearer air." We quote the passage because in every adjective it bears witness to the fidelity of his descriptive powers and very charmingly portrays the sincerity of an affection which upon the next page he urges us to cherish since "Nature is a very disinterested benefactress—she gives much and demands little; she touches the human heart with a hand of air so light that it leaves behind no burden of responsibility. . . . For that reason a wise man should put a finer edge upon his appreciation of nature than on most of his sensibilities."

But long before he was capable of reasoning upon the subject he put his own precept into practice, and so it comes to pass that both in prose and poetry his fancy wings some of its happiest flights through the realm of nature with an easy and spontaneous movement which shows that he finds himself thoroughly at home there.

This love of nature was inherited. His father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was not only a dramatist, but an accomplished landscape gardener, and in the case of his sons, brought up at home under the care of private tutors, there were not many of the interests and occupations of the ordinary schoolboy to thrust it into the background.

It was a time of transition, but modern habits and ideas had hardly as yet made their way into remote country districts. There were curious remnants of the feudal state; the people in the extreme of poverty were patient, and often merry; there was great familiarity in the intercourse of classes, and yet what would now seem like great ostentation on the part of the rich. Lady de Vere, the poet's grandmother, drove about her own park with four grays and an outrider, and yet what are now looked upon as ordinary comforts of life were unattainable luxuries. His grandfather, the most popular of country gentlemen, with a great love for the poor, was an adventurous and unlucky person who lost £15,000 at cards before he renounced them, and by chance

strolling into a London auction room one day to find Lundy Island, in the Bristol Channel, put up for sale, made a bid upon the spur of the moment, and had the island knocked down to him. Here he planted a small Irish colony, and made the speculation answer by the sale of rabbits, and retired there to meditate when he had had a quarrel with his neighbors. It was an age when quarrels were of more account than they are now, a duel was the most "mirthful of pastimes," vindictiveness was not merely a point of honor, but of conscience, and the duty of revenge was handed down from generation to generation. Faction fights were of frequent occurrence, and reconciliations, conducted with great solemnity, were hardly brought about even under the powerful influence of O'Connell, who, with the aid of the parish clergy, induced some to renounce their ancient enmities, and shake hands in their parish church. Mr. de Vere relates how a relative of his own, on entering a church by chance, found a great crowd assembled, and two gray-haired heads of rival parties advancing slowly toward one another, till, standing silent face to face, their hands met. The next moment one of them dashed himself down on the stone pavement, and cried aloud: "O my son, my murdered son! I have clasped the hand that shed the last drop of thy blood." Equally representative of the spirit of the time is his recollection of an old friend and neighbor of his father's walking up and down the library at Curragh, with his hands locked behind him and his head bent low as he ejaculated: "It is a great thing to be able to look back on a long life and record, as I can, that never once did any man injure me but sooner or later I had my revenge." One can well imagine with what a shock the words must have fallen upon the gentle and magnanimous spirit of a youth who throughout his life was never known to resent an injury nor cherish the remembrance of a wrong. The home life of domestic peace with parents who had not only high aims but cultivated tastes had been preëminently one to foster such a spirit, and their son was ready and open to receive impressions, though by no

means one of those precocious children to whom learning is made easy. He was indeed so slow at his Latin for a boy of ten years old, that his tutor—himself a fine classical scholar—desired him to discard it altogether, inasmuch as he was an idiot. “I asked him what, that being the case, I was to do; to which he replied that I might cultivate the moral faculties, since I had not the intellectual, and also make traceries of maps, laying them level upon glass. I asked next whether the moral faculties or the intellectual were the better; to which he replied that the moral were, seeing that good men took such with them to heaven; whereas the intellectual underwent some strange revolution after death—an answer which entirely contented me.” His cheerful acquiescence in his tutor’s verdict curiously corroborates the opinion to which one of his closest friends gave expression in later years, that he had no vanity by which it was possible to hurt him, yet we can hardly believe that he had not before long found reason in his own mind to distrust his tutor’s judgment. At any rate, by the time that he was following his undergraduate course at Trinity College, Dublin, he had discovered that his chief delight lay in intercourse with one of the greatest intellects of the day, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Astronomer Royal in the Dublin University, of whom he writes: “One’s first impression was that he was a great embodied intellect rather than a human being.” On entering the university, Sir William had sent in an essay written in fourteen or fifteen different languages, and at the age of twenty-two had published a book which was declared to have “made a new science of mathematical optics.” It is of him that Mr. de Vere quotes Wordsworth as saying one night, as the two poets stood beside the latter’s little domestic lake: “I have known crowds of clever men, as every one has; not a few of high abilities, and several of real genius; yet I have only seen one whom I should call wonderful—Coleridge.” He then added: “But I should not say that, for I have known one other man who was wonderful also—Sir William Rowan Hamilton, and he was singularly like Coleridge.” This, then, was the chosen friend

and companion of the young undergraduate, nearly ten years his junior, and a transcendental philosophy and speculative triology and the metaphysics of the time were their varied themes. It was not a time when men approached such subjects lightly. One feels that the air must have been somewhat too heavily charged with speculative thought when Sir William Hamilton can tell the following story of his five or six year old child who ran up and questioned him about the doctrine of the Trinity. “‘How,’ he demanded, ‘can there be three, and yet only one?’ I answered: ‘You are too young for such matters; go back to your top.’ He flogged it about the passages a score of times, then returned to me and said: ‘I have found it all out—this is the explanation;’ and propounded his theory. ‘You are wrong,’ I answered; ‘you are too young to understand the matter; go and play.’ He returned three times more successively, and each time propounded a new explanation, and received the same answer. But now listen. His four explanations of the mystery were the four great heresies of the first four centuries! He discovered them all for himself. I did not give him the slightest assistance. What an intellect!” It is no wonder that children such as these found compound division and the Latin grammar unworthy of their attention.

Mr. de Vere’s recollections, however, even in this period of youth, are not of literary interests and philosophical studies only. It was a seething season of social disturbance. O’Connell, the Repeal of the Union, Catholic Emancipation were battle cries which reached the ears even of those farthest removed by tastes or position from the ranks of political agitators. The traditional politics of the de Veres were those of liberal Toryism. They were animated by a single-minded regard for the highest interests of their country, and would have sacrificed much to secure them; but several of the family at least were rather fitted to be leaders of thought than leaders of men; the sea of political trouble could not sweep them off their feet, though they might not be strong enough to stem it. “We sit in a boat, the gunwale of which

is level with the water," Sir Aubrey used to say. " How will it be when the waves rise?"

The waves rose in the famine of 1847-50, "the year of sorrow" of one of Mr. de Vere's most striking poems. Of the helpless suffering and the mob terrorism, as well as of the light-hearted heroism and flashes of mother wit, which now and again lightened the blackness of the tragedy he has in these pages and in letters written at the time given us many graphic descriptions. It was a time to awaken all the dormant practical energies of a family which had ever made their home in Ireland amongst their own dependents. Sir Aubrey had not lived to see his own forebodings fulfilled, but his eldest son, Sir Vere, was foremost in carrying out the measures of the government too often mistaken or inadequate for the relief of the people; and Aubrey, the dreamer, the visionary, was to be seen in altogether a new character, haranguing an infuriated mob of several thousand from the top of a wall, and reducing them to order without the aid of the military, advancing to meet an armed party making their way to the house and summarily demanding the dismissal of the steward which he as summarily refused, though as often as he drew near in the endeavor to identify the rioters, six guns were pointed at his head. Not, it is true, as they assured him, with any desire to kill him, nor out of any want of respect for the family, but merely to testify to their determination to shoot the steward. In all such cases his imperturbable good temper and self-possession proved of more avail than any intimidating display of force, though this fact is modestly slurred over even in letters to his most intimate friends.

His brother Stephen, the present baronet, animated by the same humane and patriotic spirit, took up the cause of the emigrants who, in 1847, reached the extraordinary number of 215,444 within the year. The voyage to the United States in sailing vessels lasted six weeks, and was an experience of terrible suffering from insufficient accommodation and privations which had as their consequence an immense mortality. It was Stephen de Vere who procured the redress of

their grievances by a personal act of self-sacrifice. He embarked on an emigrant ship, sharing all the horrors and perils of a crowded steerage passage, so dreadful in its results that when they reached Quebec nearly all his poor companions, though then lodged in a large and healthy house, fell victims to the fever which they had contracted upon the ship, and there he remained for eight months rendering to them the services of a hospital nurse and the devoted care of a brother until he was able to return to England and lay an accurate report, based upon personal experience, before the public and Parliament. His letter was read by Lord Grey, then Secretary for the Colonies, before the House of Lords, and the evil was redressed, though not before the deaths on the voyage to Canada alone had risen to sixty in the thousand.

It is certainly interesting to see the heroic spirit manifesting itself under very different circumstances and in diverse manners in these brothers. Horace, the youngest, the soldier, served with distinction in the Crimean war, and came home to be struck down in the meridian of life and happiness by a chance as strange as it was unexpected. He was shot as he stood upon parade from a window of the barracks at Chatham by one of his own soldiers whom he had reprimanded for some misconduct. The bullet pierced his lungs and he died in a few weeks. "He bore his sufferings with cheerfulness, and often with gayety. He entirely forgave his murderer, and a little before his death he said: 'Take me out into the barrack court and lay me there. A soldier should die in the open air.' "

But though some events of sufficient importance to change the tenor of his life are recorded, Mr. de Vere has dwelt for the most part in a still and sunny region, a land of meditative peace to which the sounds of the stress and struggle of warring interests and rival passions come softened by the distance. It is here that his poetry was written, here that he conceived the high and lofty themes which have inspired his verse, here that he found leisure to cultivate his mind and mature his natural gifts. Of himself, indeed, we hear but

too little as he calls up the visions of the past. One short chapter only is devoted to his poetry, and it is chiefly an exposition of its aims and objects. It was when he was eighteen that he began to write poetry, a love and appreciation for it having been fostered from his earliest years. At one time he had read Byron and little else for a month; but shortly after, becoming acquainted with Shelley, Keats, Landor, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, they obtained a mastery over his imagination, which was stronger and more enduring. "I read 'Laodamia,'" he writes, "standing to the last line, and was converted. I seemed to have got upon a new and larger planet, with

'An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.'"

Shelley's poems were read by night to the sound of an Æolian harp, or soothed his vagrant spirit as he lay all night in a floating boat upon the lake, until the summer sunrise broke upon his waking dreams. For with the young, as Wordsworth himself has told us, poetry is like love, a passion; but, in spite of the Æolian harp and moonlit vigils, of love poetry pure and simple there is not a large proportion even in Mr. de Vere's earliest writings, and it is curious to observe that his poems were then often cast in the form of the sonnet, a condensed form which requires, as has been said, "the implements of a sculptor," and has been generally rejected by youthful writers as imposing a too mechanical restraint upon the exuberance of their imagination. This is not the place for a criticism of the volumes to which he has been adding even until the present time, but the subjects which he has chosen and those he has forsaken are too significant of the bent of his mind not to be noted.

"Inisfail," one of his earlier poems, of which he says, "no other was written more intensely, I may say more painfully, from my heart," was a chronicle poem illustrating Irish annals from the Norman Conquest to the repeal of the penal laws, and it was designed to bear testimony to his own deep and unalterable conviction that Ireland, like Israel of old, had a spiritual vocation. The "Legends of St. Pat-

rick," in themselves so rich in dramatic incident and Christian lore, fill another volume, whilst his two dramas, "Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury," were written with a kindred aim. Each was to be a philosophical poem as well as a drama, illustrating the one the greatness of the pagan, and the other that of the Christian, ideal. Then we have the poems dealing with Grecian art and mythology, of which Landor wrote with such generous appreciation in the lines addressed to him:

Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,
Aubrey de Vere!

Come, reascend with me the steeps of Greece
With firmer foot than mine; none stop the road,
And few will follow; we shall breathe apart
That pure fresh air and drink the untroubled spring.
Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight
May miss old marks; lend me thy hand; press on;
Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure.

But though foreign lands and themes may have their charm, we always feel that Mr. de Vere comes back with gladness to the soil of his native land so fruitful in acts of Christian faith and heroism, the soil upon which he loves best to trace the footsteps of the saints.

There is then a large proportion of poems of which the themes are religious and patriotic; they are inspired by a personal religion so sincere and spiritual that it must needs permeate every feeling, and a patriotism so pure and disinterested as to rise above partisan prejudices and factious passions; but we have also many examples of lyrics and songs written in lighter measures, but not less rich in flights of fancy and felicities of diction, and full of most true and delicate pictures of the natural world. It would convey an altogether wrong impression to say that Mr. de Vere is, to use an expression of his own,

Colder and calmer than a sacred well,
but his is the strength of suppressed passion dignified and controlled, and the upward flame of his poetic ardor burns bright and strong, undisturbed by adverse currents. There

is indeed a moral elevation even in the delineation of the most transient emotions, and Sir Henry Taylor's lines are as true as when they were first written, half a century ago:

Flowers were they that were planted by the Muse,
In a deep soil which the continual dews
Of blessing had enriched; no lesser light
Than what was lit in Sidney's spirit clear,
Or given to saintly Herbert's to diffuse,
Now lives in thine, de Vere.

It is a difficult thing for a man to write about his own personal religion; and, indeed, Mr. de Vere hardly makes the attempt, though he devotes a chapter to the account of his "submission to the Catholic Church." It is a modest and simple narrative, and, though the method of reasoning and the sequence of events may not be altogether intelligible to the ordinary reader, he can scarcely fail to perceive that the underlying motive was that disinterested desire to apprehend the highest truth; that reaching after perfection to which his whole nature, moral, intellectual, and spiritual, had been devoted from his earliest years. He himself has told us that "the deepest still is single," and in quoting a saying of Walter Savage Landor that "the thoughts of a true man should stand as naked as the statues of the god of light," he adds that Landor "might have added a converse assertion—namely, that a man's most sacred feelings should be often shrouded in a dimness like that of the same god's Delphic laurel grove." It was perhaps for this reason that, though he had many friends amongst the converts in those troubled days of the Tractarian movement, notably Cardinal Newman and Archbishop Manning, both to the end of their lives his loved and venerated friends, personal influence at this turning point in his life seems to have had comparatively little to do with his conclusions. He names as his chief teachers Bacon, St. Thomas Aquinas and Coleridge, and it is easy to perceive the justice of his assertion that imaginative sympathies in this respect exercised but little influence upon his mind. He had been a student of theology from his youth, and his friendship with various leaders of religious thought naturally directed his studies and fixed his at-

tention upon the controversies of the day. From the date of his conversion in 1851 he becomes ever more and more the poet of the Roman Church, not only in his records of mediæval saints, but as the exponent of her doctrines and her spirit.

Nevertheless, the interest of his recollections is not mainly theological, it is not a religious biography, though religion, poetry, art, and lastly politics (upon which we have no space to enter) all have a place in it. It is above all a collection of portraits, a picture gallery in which, in his declining years it is evident that Mr. De Vere loves to linger, for it is filled with portraits of those dead friends of whom he has written.

O gentle Death, how dear thou makest the dead!

There are some spaces upon the walls which we should have liked to see filled. His memories of Tennyson are incorporated in the latter's life, and so find no place in this volume, but why have we not more about some of those eminent or interesting people with whom he was well acquainted? The Brownings, Landor, Father Faber, Leigh Hunt, Coventry Patmore, to mention only a few names out of many. We have indeed two chapters devoted to personal recollections of Cardinal Newman and Archbishop Manning. Of Newman he says: "What men felt most in him was his extreme though not self-engrossed personality. . . . Silence and stillness but kindled more the interior fires and a narrow limit increased their force. His nature one

Built on a surging subterranean fire,
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts."

And again: "In Newman there existed the rare union of the contemplative mind and the heroic soul. Otherwise he might have pointed out its way to another generation; but he would not have led forth the pilgrimage." Then of Manning, whom he met first in 1849, with whom he stayed in the rectory at Lavington discoursing upon theological and poetical themes, discussing Dante, of whom the host said: "There is no poetry like Dante's; it is St. Thomas Aquinas put into verse!" until from those early days the friendship between them was cemented rather than weakened by the

chances and changes of life, by the intimacies incidental upon foreign travel in each other's company, by the promotion to the Archbispopric of Westminster, when the future Archbishop writes: "My dearest Aubrey, . . . you were one of the first I thought of when this thing came on me, and I wish I could see you."—and ten years later from Rome in the year of the Council, "I wish you were here with me," and so on through the last years of his life; though in the sphere of action, if not of thought, no two people could have been farther apart than the poet in his seclusion and the busy ecclesiastic in the thronging life of the great city. The chapters devoted to these two great men are full of interest, and emphasize our complaint that we do not find some others whose names we looked for in these pages. We regret it all the more since the portraits he has given us, though often mere sketches, are touched with such a true and delicate hand as to give us a more real impression of the person than many a more finished and elaborate drawing. Let us take a few at random. O'Connell, whom he first met on board the steamer at Kingstown, where he observed a large strong man, whose face I at once "recognized, though I had never seen it before. There it was, the eye potent, but crafty too, the large mouth, full at once of humor and good humor, a broad strong forehead, well adapted for thinking purposes, but better still apparently for butting against opponents, or pushing his way through them. His bearing had a singular confidence about it; and he wore, slightly on one side, an arrogant little sailor's cap with a good deal of gold lace about it. It was O'Connell: I was certain of this when he spoke." Then we have specimens of O'Connell's humor, his familiar banter with the steward, his subsequent kindness to two little girls in the railway carriage when he told them stories and repeated poems by Moore and Byron until there were tears not only in their eyes but in his own; and here we have a picture of the great agitator's life taken somewhat from a new point of view. Take again his recollections of that poor vagrant genius, Hartley Coleridge "a white-haired apparition—wearing in all other re-

spects the semblance of youth—with the most delicately grained and tinted skin and vividly bright eyes. He could hardly be said to have walked, for he seemed with difficulty to keep his feet on the ground, as he wavered about near us with arms extended like wings. . . . There seemed to be no gravitating principle in him. One might have thought he needed stones in his pockets to prevent his being blown away. . . . Touchingly reverent when referring to religious subjects," and in reading, when he came to the name of God, it "seemed as if he could hardly pronounce it." Such a singular combination of high ideals and disastrous frailties, with a vein of humor intersecting moods of profoundest melancholy, was certain to be touched by Mr. de Vere with a tender and sympathetic hand, and one cannot but be glad to hear that that wrecked and wasted life never forfeited the affection of those who knew him best, and was now and again lightened by the exuberant gayety of a child. Mr. de Vere tells us how, on one occasion, being asked to meet an Irish enthusiast who went about the country enlightening people's minds on the subject of popish errors, Hartley after dinner asked to be presented to a man so remarkable, and taking his arm whilst a few guests gathered around addressed him with solemnity: "Sir, there are two great evils in Ireland." "There are indeed, sir," replied the Irish guest, "but please to name them." "The first," resumed Hartley, "is — popery!" "It is," said the other; "but how wonderful that you should have discovered that! Now tell me what is the second great evil!" "Protestantism!" was Hartley's reply in a voice of thunder as he ran away screaming with laughter.

All the eminent inhabitants of the Lake district were well known to Aubrey de Vere. He was a familiar guest at Rydal Mount, and he gives many interesting accounts of his long walks and talks with Wordsworth, for whom his reverence was that of a son and a disciple. One can well believe that it was in the open air, amongst the scenes to which he owed so much of his poetic inspiration, that the old poet most naturally revealed himself. "In the presence of Na-

ture he seemed to be always either conversing with her as a friend, and watching her changeful moods, or sometimes wrapped like a prophet in mystic attention to her oracles."

With the Lake country, and especially with Derwentwater, are associated Mr. de Vere's recollections of Sara Coleridge, of whom he quotes the saying that "her father had looked into her eyes and left in them the light of his own." "Her great characteristic," he adds, "was the radiant spirituality of her intellectual and imaginative being. . . . She moved with the lightest step when she ranged over the highest ground. Her feet were beautiful on the mountains of ideal thought."

In 1843-44 again we have the record of his travels with his friend and brother poet, Henry Taylor, of whom, after an intimacy extending much over forty years, he writes: "His most marked characteristic was magnanimity. He lived in a large world built up by justice and truth, and in him there was no small world; unlike another great man of whom it was said, 'inside that great man there lives a little man.'" And then, after a description of which every word breathes of the affectionate friendship and no less sincere appreciation of a lifetime: "I could have wished to have written more at large of a character so rich in noble qualities, but this is needless, as the true greatness of a character depends less upon the number of its great qualities than on the genuine greatness of those few qualities which suffice for true greatness."

We have many slighter sketches of less well-known people. Augustus Stafford O'Brien, so eloquent in Parliament and so much sought for in society, with a singular beauty of face and person, and of extraordinary brilliancy, versatility, and charm; who in the Crimea ministered so assiduously to the cholera-stricken crews upon the French ships, that in return they gratefully named him "le cher Monsieur Damne me," their name for an Englishman. Then we have Sir Edward O'Brien, the direct descendant of Brian, the great king of all Ireland; authoritative, good-natured, acute, with a simple respect for religion joined to a dislike

for controversy, and a fine determination to do things in his own way, but according to the traditions of his fathers, curiously illustrated by the following anecdote connected with Sir Aubrey de Vere: "One day as we sat after dinner over the wine and walnuts he remarked: 'I have just been thinking that this is the year I have to die in.' 'Nothing of the kind, Sir Edward. I never saw you better; you will probably live another dozen years.' Sir Edward was highly provoked. 'Do not say that, Sir Aubrey; the head of our family always dies at the age I have now reached. It is our way, and I don't want to change.'" Curiously enough he had his way (even with death), and died that year as he predicted.

But space does not allow of more extracts, and we must reluctantly close the volume. In compiling it Mr. de Vere has unlocked for us one of those drawers into which the young look with eager curiosity, and their elders with a tender interest not untouched by melancholy. Here are the letters of a bygone age, with their yellow paper carefully docketed and tied up with faded ribbon; here are the unconsidered trifles which once perhaps made or marred a life, signs and symbols of dead hopes and fears; here are the ghosts of old loves and of friendships and aspirations faithfully treasured to live once again in these records of the past. Here are many fragrant memories laid up as it were in lavender, that they may be to us in a lesser degree, as to Mr. de Vere, for "thoughts and for remembrance."

ELEANOR A. TOWLE.

THE NOVELS OF MARIVAUXT.

THE originality, wit, and probity of Marivaux, his place in the French Academy, and a literary activity stretching from almost the beginning of the eighteenth century till his death, in 1763, at the age of seventy-five, made him a marked figure in his day, and has attracted the attention of such talented essayists and biographers that it is quite superfluous to glean in a field so thoroughly harvested, first by his contemporary Alembert, then by Faguet, Brunetière, Larroumet, Gossot, and possibly best of all in the recent volume by Gaston Deschamps, in the "Great French Writers." But the fame of his dramas has tended to divert attention from his novels, and it is still worth while to show that, however important he may have been in the development of French comedy, he was simply epoch-making in the evolution of fiction. Brunetière has somewhere observed that the novel did not assert an equal place among the *genres* of literature until the middle of the eighteenth century, and that it conquered it at all was, as I hope to show, because of the final impetus given by the genius of Marivaux to the movement so favorably inaugurated by the author of "Gil Blas."

Born in 1688 and living till 1763, Marivaux was a generation later than Le Sage. Thus he had the good and the ill chance to live in an age devoted to that ingenious display of wit that the French call *esprit*, and he so abounded in the spirit of his time as to give to the language a word by which he has come to be judged more than by his works themselves. Comparatively few read Marivaux, but every French scholar knows that *marivaudage* is French for "mannerism, affected style, sentimentalism, excessive refinement," or, as the dictionary continues, "writing in the style of Marivaux," which is again described by the witty and jealous Voltaire as "weighing fly's eggs in balances of spider web." How far this may apply to the plays of

Marivaux this is not the place to inquire, but it is almost ludicrously inept as a description of the manner or the substance of his novels.

Marivaux was a Parisian, a society man, and a academician. Like Richardson, who learned so much from him, he affected the society of the ladies and of the fashionable *salons*, especially those of the wise and amiable Madame de Lambert and of the malicious and clever Madame de Tencin. Thus, like Richardson in a like environment, he came to have such marked feminine traits of mind that it has been said by an acute critic that, if we did not know the contrary, we should certainly take him for a woman. This "Baroness Marivaux," as Faguet calls him, "has all the grace, delicacy, perspicacity, coquetry, and charming small talk of the sex." It is this femininity that explains his modernity. Like the fashionable novelist of to-day, he is anxious to be in fashion, and is as careful of his style as the lady who casts a last side glance at the mirror before leaving the boudoir. Now the custom of his time demands that the fresh beauty of nature be set off with court-plaster patches, and so it is natural to him to be artificial. The beauty patches of his style are its coquettishly turned phrases and its mincing affectations.

But in judging Marivaux it is necessary to distinguish various periods. His first piece of fiction, "Pharsamon, or The Follies of Romance," written in 1712, though not printed till 1735, aims to be to Gomberville and La Calprenède what "Don Quixote" had been to the heroic romance of Spain; but his satire sprang from no conviction, for his first printed work, "The Surprising Effects of Sympathy" (1713-14), out-Gombervilles Gomberville in its riotous carnival of violence and crime, with no touch of satiric intent. Thoroughly romantic, too, was "la Voiture Embourbée," his next novel (1714), though here first there are traces of that delicacy of mental observation that was to characterize his later works in a singular degree. Just at this period, however, his development in the psychological line was arrested by the influence of Lamotte. Marivaux

became involved in the controversy of the ancients and moderns, and sought to aid the cause of the latter with essays in the *Mercure*, which he intended to be imitations of those of the *Spectator*. He perpetrated also a travesty of Homer. As a result of this diversion his talent did not become distinctly marked till his attention was drawn to the stage, and for some years a reverse of fortune made this almost his sole resource. It is in the series of comedies, beginning about 1720, that what we call *marivaudage* first begins to show itself in him, and it reaches its height as a mannerism during this decade. But it was not till 1731 that he began to apply the faculties trained by constant work for the Théâtre Français, and for the Italian comedians to the fiction with which we are concerned here. During the next ten years he published eleven parts of his "Vie de Marianne," interspersing them with five parts of "Le Paysan Parvenu," but leaving both novels to be completed, the former by Madam Riccoboni, to whom we owe the twelfth part, the latter with three parts of doubtful authorship, and still more doubtful value.

As such a method of production made almost inevitable, both these novels are ill constructed, made up of detached episodes, and filled with unessential incidents. The author composed as his fancy happened to strike him, and "let his pen trot" with small heed to continuity. But this very lack of logical connection has a certain charm. It is no more incomplete than life itself seems to most of us, and then it is so spontaneous and so feminine in its inconsequence. But if we care to penetrate beneath this apparent inconsequence, we shall find a great deal of psychologic subtlety and here and there some pieces of realistic scene painting of a very high order.

The first and longest of the novels, "la Vie de Marianne," offers itself as a plain, unvarnished autobiography, but it does not seem that there can be much foundation for the statement, since the opening is "annexed" almost verbally from a novel of Sandras. The story may be very briefly summarized. A stagecoach is surprised by robbers, and

all the passengers killed except a canon and a two-year old child, who is to be the heroine. She is brought up by a country curate, and presently there springs up in her an internal conflict between gentle blood and lowly nurture and a gradual reassertion of her gentility, by which she is led through various social spheres, that afford Marivaux opportunity for a series of delicate dissolving views of society and a few scenes etched with a firm and biting pen, to end with a happy marriage by the grace of Madame Riccoboni. It is in these sketches of character and of society that the strength of Marivaux lies. Among the most striking of the figures is the country curate, the Abbé Constantin of two centuries ago, as whose foil we have an acrid monk, Abbé St. Vincent, a somewhat garrulous nun, Madame de Tervire, who has had experiences that occupy nearly a quarter of the story (pp. 392-538), and a delightfully Pecksniffian prioress. Then there is Marianne's convent friend, Mlle. Varthon, who presently deserts her for the primrose path, and the typical lady bountiful, Madame de Miran, and her worthy friend, Madame Dorsan, against whom is set off the admirable linen draper's wife, Madame Dutour, one of the most clear-cut *bourgeois* characters in all the fiction of the century. We make the acquaintance also of Valville, a gay young man about town, Madame de Miran's son, who in Madame Riccoboni's hands turns over a new leaf and becomes worthy to marry Marianne at the close. Admirably drawn is the old wheedling Tartufe, M. Climal, and there is a coachman seen clearly and drawn from the life. The only weak character in the story is a young and virtuous officer, Baron Sercour, who is just a hero after George Ohnet's own heart, a *maitre des forges* born out of due time.

But Marivaux's triumph and our constant delight is Marianne. She is introduced to us at sixteen, a coquette to her finger tips, knowing all her charms, and knowing, like a skillful angler, just how to make them most fascinating, and to dangle the gaudy fly till the very laziest and the very shrewdest old fish will bite for sheer nervousness. Marianne

is a coquette by instinct, but she is not a conscious flirt. Listen to this little description of her modest toilet:

They brought me my gown and some linen. It was a feast day, and I was just getting up as they came. At the sight, Toinon and I could neither of us speak, I for emotion and joy, she for the sad comparison that she made between how I would look and how she would be. She would have surrendered father and mother for the pleasure of being orphan at the same rate as I. She stared with stupefied jealousy at my little outfit, and her jealousy was so humiliated that my joy was tinged with pity. But there was no help for her trouble, and I tried on my dress as modestly as I could before a mean little mirror that only showed one-half of my figure, but what I saw of it seemed to me quite piquant. So I began to fix my hair and to dress myself quickly, so as to enjoy my finery. My heart beat as I thought how pretty I was going to be. My hand trembled at each pin that I placed. I made haste to finish, but yet without hurrying anything. I wished to leave nothing imperfect, but I had soon finished, for all the perfection that I knew was of a very limited kind. I began with admirable qualifications. That was all.

Truly, since I have been in society, I have managed very differently. Men talk about science and philosophy. A fine thing, that, in comparison with the science of placing a ribbon aright or of deciding what color to wear. If people only knew what goes through a coquettish girl's brain, how unfettered and keen is her soul, if you could see the delicacy of her judgments on matters of taste, how she tries, and then rejects, and then hesitates to choose, and then decides at last out of pure lassitude! For often she remains unsatisfied, and her idea always goes beyond its execution. If people knew what I am telling of, it would frighten them, it would humiliate the strongest minds, and Aristotle would seem a child. What I am saying, I know through and through, and I know that in matters of dress it is not much to discover what is good; you must discover that best that will outdo the better, and to discover that ultimate best you must read in the hearts of men and know how to prefer what attracts them most to that which only attracts them much. O, that is immeasurable!

(Page 41.)

Do not misjudge Marianne. She is a good girl and a proud girl. She will know how to hold her little skiff steady in the tide. Her pride will give her strength to resist all vulgar temptations, and this bewitching little person ended, we are sure—though Marivaux never had the heart to finish with her—by becoming a bewitching little wife. Shall we say of her with a benevolent French critic, that “she is something like an American girl in search of a social position and a husband, a girl who will get married just by dint of her grace and her spirit?”

But this novel has other and most interesting sides. There are sketches of high life in Paris, in those *salons* that Marivaux knew from daily contact with the aristocratic literary circles. And then he shows, as no writer had yet done, the clerical life of the capital, the gossip of the fashionable convents and the conflicts of soul that he feels are hidden behind their walls, so that his description thrills sometimes with an earnestness that just suggests Diderot's "Religieuse." Then, too, there is a whole group of episodes that connect the "Vie de Marianne" on the one side with the picaresque fiction of Le Sage, and on the other with the crass realism of some modern naturalists. One is surprised to find at this date and from this author strong pictures of low life in Paris, an obvious advance for fiction over the foreign low life described in "Gil Blas." One can hardly realize to-day what an innovation is implied in such a description as that of the dispute between Madame Dutour, a draper's wife with whom Marianne has temporary lodgings, and a coachman who had driven home Marianne when once she had hurt her foot and could not walk as was her wont. Some parts of the passage, which is too long to recall at length, may be translated to show how here in 1735 we find ourselves quite in the atmosphere of "Pot-bouille" and "l'Assommoir:"

I had hardly sat down [relates Marianne] when I pulled out my money to pay the coachman. But Madame Dutour, like a woman of experience, thought she ought to aid me in the matter, and considered me too young to yield this little detail to me. "Let me manage," she said; "I'll pay him. Where did he take you up?" "By the parish church," I said to her. "Ah, that's close by here," she said, counting out some small change. "Here, my boy, that's your fare." "My fare, that?" said the coachman, giving back the money with a scornful brutality. "O, not much. You don't measure this with a yardstick." "What does the man mean by his yardstick?" answered Madame Dutour quietly. "You ought to be satisfied. I guess people know what a cab is. This isn't the first day I've paid for 'em." "And though it were to-morrow," said the coachman, "what does that matter? Give me my due, and don't make such a fuss. What's the woman meddling with, any way? Did I drive you? . . . Confound the woman! She haggles as though it were a bunch of herbs."

At last, after much bandying of words, Madame Dutour dropped the rôle of respectable party that she had been playing, and, answering him with a volley of abuse, threat-

ened him with a yardstick, for which they both had an unseemly struggle, she meantime bidding Marianne and the gathering crowd run and call the neighbors of her acquaintance. But the Parisian crowd, of which Marivaux gives an admirable psychological analysis, only "opened its stupidly eager eyes and enjoyed what it saw very seriously. It was neither roguish nor malicious, less rough than other crowds, simply curious, with a stupid, brutish curiosity that wished neither good nor evil to any one, and knew no other art than to come and feast on what might happen. . . . It did not love cruelty, it feared it, but it loved the shudder that cruelty caused, for that stirred its soul, that knew nothing, had seen nothing, and was always a blank." Finally Marianne, much embarrassed, gave the coachman what he asked. Then, snatching and throwing away the yardstick, "he jammed down his hat, saying, 'Thank you kindly, my dear,' and went off through the crowd that opened as well to let him pass as to give passage to Madame Dutour, who wished to run after him, but I prevented it. But she said to me that by God's light I was only a little fool. 'Look you well, Marianne, I'll never pardon you for those twenty sols, alive or dead, never, never.' " (Pages 77-83.)

Beside this naturalistic sketch of a street brawl let us set this bit of psychic description. Marivaux is talking of the prioress of a convent where Marianne was a boarder. She was, he says:

A little short, round blonde, with a double chin, a complexion fresh and calm. You do not see such faces in society. Ordinarily what gives us our stoutness is temperament or ease or inaction, or the quantity of food that we eat, and that is perfectly natural. But to acquire the kind of stoutness of which I speak, you feel that one must have made a holy task of it. It can only be the result of a delicate, loving, devoted complaisance that one has in the comfort and ease of the body. It witnesses not only that one loves a healthy life, but that one loves an easy, lazy, epicurean life, and that while one enjoys the pleasure of being well, one accords one's self as many gentle privileges as though one were always convalescent. (Pages 128, 129.)

Is not this to make us know that prioress better than if we had seen her with our own eyes? Do we not already begin at least to discern her inner nature?

But there is still another charm in Marivaux. His work is full of quotable sentences, of which a few instances may suffice for many:

Society desires neither that we give ourselves to God nor that we abandon Him.

Nothing flatters our self-love more than to humiliate those who despise us.

Devotees irritate society. The pious edify it.

In love a quarrel is more effective than a eulogy.

The passions of hypocrites are by nature cowardly when balked.

The negligee of woman is the equivalent of nudity.

Negligee is the masterpiece of the desire to please. It ends the chicaneries of self-love.

One must have virtues to perceive that one lacks them.

And so one might continue the list for pages. But what has been said must suffice for this lively, fascinating, though rather long and ill-balanced novel.

"The Parvenu Countryman," Marivaux's second venture in this field, is socially more curious, but ethically much less edifying. To those who know Maupassant's "Bel-ami" the character of Jacob, the country parvenu, will need no long definition, and the two are curiously linked together by Restif de la Bretonne's "Paysan Perverti" (1775). All three of them are men who use the fascination of their sex to attain wealth or social position. Marivaux takes a robust, handsome country fellow, brings him to Paris, starts him in life as a lackey, for the same reason that Le Sage had made one of his Gil Blas, lets him serve the secret passions of several middle-aged ladies, marry one of them for position, another for her money, and end as an ornament to the noble guild of tax farmers (*fermiers généraux*). The resemblance to Maupassant's hero is obvious enough, and it goes deeper than the surface. Both heroes are selfish and corrupt, but both have a certain charm and even certain virtues which may seem inconsistent with the part they play, and so tend to make both of them inferior in this regard to the infamous Edmond of Restif. It may be urged, however, in Marivaux' defense, that the successful lackey was no novelty either in fiction or in real life, and that the same adventures that were whispered about the prototypes of Gil Blas are here made the stepping-

stones to M. Jacob's fortune. And then the attitude of Marivaux throughout is that of observer, not of judge. He presents to us the contradictions that he sees in this real though fortunately rare type of human nature, and so his Jacob remains an enigma, somewhat repulsive, certainly not enviable, but not wholly despicable.

Perhaps the greatest interest that "The Parvenu Countryman" has to-day, at least for English readers, lies in its *genre* pictures of Parisian life. Here is one from the kitchen of the first household into which Jacob falls, a household of two maiden sisters whose devotion had turned sour, not to say rancid:

Catherine was tall, thin, dressed in white and with a look of sour, angry, hot devotion in her face that apparently came from the heat that her brain absorbed over the kitchen fire, though indeed the brain of a devotee, and especially of a devotee cook, is naturally dry and parched. She had a bunch of keys at her belt like a convent portress.

"Take some fresh eggs to my sister, who is still fasting," said to her Miss Habert, the elder sister of the one I had come with, and take this boy into the kitchen and give him a good drink. "One drink?" said Catherine in her sharp tone, and yet with good humor. "With a build like his he can well drink two." "And both to your health, Madame Catherine," I said to her. "Good," said she, "as long as I'm well, that won't hurt me. Come along, you can help me cook my eggs." "O no, Catherine, it isn't worth while," said Miss Habert the younger. "Give me the jam pot. That will suffice." "But, my sister, that is not nutritious," said the elder. "Eggs are flatulent," said the younger, and then it was my sister this and my sister that, till Catherine, with a gesture that admitted no appeal, decided as she went out, for the eggs, because, as she said, a breakfast was no dessert.

As for me, I followed her into the kitchen, where she gave me a rest of yesterday's stew with some cold chicken, a bottle of wine nearly full, and all the bread I wanted. "Eat," said Catherine to me as she set about the fresh eggs, "God would have us live." "Here's a chance to do His will," said I, "and into the bargain I'm hungry." "So much the better," said she, "but tell me are you engaged? Do you stay with us?" "I hope so," I replied. "I should be very sorry if it were not so, for I imagine it's good to live under your charge, Madame Catherine. You seem so obliging, so reasonable." "O! O!" said she, "I do the best I can. Heaven help us. Each one has his faults, and I'm not idle, and the worst of it is life passes and the farther you go the dirtier you get, for the devil is always after us. The Church says so, but there's some dispute. Any way I am glad our ladies are going to take you. You seem to me a good fellow. Alas! why you are as like as two peas to the dead Baptiste, whom I expected to marry. He was the best fellow, and a handsome boy, like you. But it wasn't that that I considered, though of course it is a pleasure. God took him from

us. He is Master. There's no way to control Him. But you look just like Baptiste. You speak just like him. O! how he loved me! I've changed a good deal since. Though I shall change more still. I'm still Catherine, but it's not the same." "Faith," I said to her, "if Baptiste were not dead, he'd love you still, for I, who resemble him, would not be slow to do it." "Well, well," she said to me, laughing, "I'm still a pretty object. Eat, my son, eat. You'll talk differently when you've looked at me closer. I'm no longer good for anything but to work out my salvation, and it's lots of work. God grant I finish it!" (Part II., pp. 59-63.)

Again, in this novel we have most admirable little portraits. For instance, this of that very mundane little Parisian girl, Agathe. We may see first how she looked and then how her looks belied her:

Agathe was not handsome, but she had great delicacy of feature, quick eyes and full of fire, but of a kind of fire that this small person restrained and only let break out slyly, and all this together gave her a look that was piquant, spirituelle, and yet a little naughty. . . . Agathe had some inclination for love. You felt that her disposition was amorous rather than tender, hypocritical rather than prim. . . . She was the most daring liar that I ever knew. I never found her at fault for expedients. You might have thought her timid, yet never was mind firmer or more resolute and never was head less excitable. None cared less for having committed a fault, and at the same time none cared more to hide and to excuse it, though no one feared reproach less when she could not escape it, and then you spoke to a culprit so calm that her fault seemed no longer of consequence even to yourself. (Part II., pp. 44, 45).

Of course these extracts can give but a very inadequate idea of Marivaux' novels, and perhaps hardly an adequate idea of that involved subtlety and untiring pursuit of the delicate shadings of psychological distinctions that ever since his day has passed under the name of *marivaudage*. This peculiarity of his style seems to have been particularly disagreeable to the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the weight of its authority kept the just fame of Marivaux in abeyance till Sainte-Beuve studied the sources of his strength in a more catholic spirit. But the history of fiction would show that Marivaux had been copied much more continuously and studiously than he was praised. At present full justice, perhaps a little more than justice, is done him by the critics of France, among whom, as usual, Brunetière is the most cautious and severe. He thus sums up his judgment: "As the greater part of the faults of Marivaux proceed only

from a transposition of the spirit of conversation and of society into the written book and the acted play, few writers are more French than he, and so long as there are *salons* no doubt there will be men of wit, of much wit, of far more wit than taste, to make his faults pass for so many merits. And his fame will reach its zenith just as often as in a growing depravity of manners, such as in the present time, it shall be the fashion to envelop thoughts in language the more artificial in proportion as they are more libertine."

This is certainly too harsh, and yet how could any writer reflect his time and his environment, if that time were the regency and that environment the *salons* of Madame de Tencin and Madame de Lambert, without a little taint of moral morbidity. As for the style, it is the very flower of that *précieux* diction that Molière and Boileau and Le Sage had satirized in vain, a style by no means of Marivaux' invention, for it can be found in Massillon, in Montesquieu, and even in La Bruyère and in Fénelon, while it reached at times as complete an expression in Fontenelle as ever it did in Marivaux.

From our modern point of view the great fascination of Marivaux is that he was thoroughly modern, and to be modern in 1730 was to have already the symptoms of that intertwining of sentiment and lubricity that marks all the fiction of his immediate successors. His writing is, as he makes his own M. Jacob say of some of his experiences, "a school of ease, pleasure, corruption, and consequently [mark the word] of sentiment"—that is, of sentiment as Prévost, Crébillon *fils*, and even Rousseau were to understand it.

But aside from the moral bearing of his work, it is clear that he brought into fiction the minute, careful study of ordinary everyday life and of the motives of average men, made up of an infinity of little touches with an art that was quite novel in his day and surely served as a model to Richardson for his "*Pamela*," as an earlier novel of Marivaux' had perhaps already done to De Foe for his "*Robinson Crusoe*." Of course other men had introduced into their fiction linen draper's wives and coachmen, but he was the first who had

deliberately asked himself what sort of man or woman such environments would produce. Writers may have put, as Brunetière says, "lackeys and chambermaids into stories before his day and even made them talk in the language of their station, but he was first to study the peculiar refraction that general sentiments will undergo when they pass through the media of special conditions." If he is also the finished painter of the social elegance of his time, that is because he brings his curious and minute observation to bear on that phase of Parisian life also. To have opened this field to psychologic romance is the great service of the novelist Marivaux. Just as we saw him paint with such delicacy the rising rage of Madame Dutour so he will catch in "*The Parvenu Countryman*" the *nuance* that separates the gallant notary's wife, Madame de Ferval, from the gallant banker's wife, Madame de Fécourt, of unsavory memory, and the distinction maintained between the Habert sisters is as delicate yet as sharply defined, for Marivaux "excels in discerning difference in resemblance and seeks to show us what belongs to all humanity as it appears in the individual."

Now we may search French fiction from "*Aucassin and Nicolette*" to the publication of "*Marianne*" and we shall find no psychology comparable in literary delicacy to this of Marivaux. But that very spirit of subtlety grows by what it feeds on, and breeds a mannerism in style and even in thought; yes, in its final stage it becomes a complete corruption of sentiment which degenerates to an artificial sentimentality. As has been delicately said: He interests himself in his characters, but he does not love them. For him these are subjects of experiment rather than beings of flesh and blood. His heart does not beat or stop, swell or contract with their emotions, he never enters into their lives as Balzac always did, and as Stendhal, Bourget, and Barrès, whom among moderns he most resembles, never do. But there is one exception, one subject that could rouse this dainty soul and set it quivering. Like Shylock, Marivaux had a daughter, and that daughter had, for some reason that we may never know, entered a convent, at some pecuniary

sacrifice to him whose child was "hardly rich enough to take the vow of poverty." So the struggles of the cloistered life seem to have been branded on this feminine soul, and they rouse him always to the most intense passion of which his pen is capable. A single passage in its striking contrast with those that have gone before will illustrate the entire change of tone. Madame de Tervire is telling Marianne of her experience with another nun, an inmate of her convent:

She drew then from her bosom a letter unaddressed but sealed, and gave it to me with a trembling hand. "Since I fill you with pity," said she, "rid me of this; I adjure you deliver me from this wretched letter that torments me; deliver me from the peril in which it casts me and let me never see it again. I received it two hours ago, and I have not been since alive." "But," said I to her, "You have not read it. It has not been opened." "No," she replied to me, "I long to tear it every moment, every moment I have been tempted to open it, at last I shall open it, I shall not resist. I think I was going to open it when fortunately for me you came. Ah! what happiness! Alas! I am very far from feeling that it is one. I do not know even if I think so. This letter that I have just given you, I regret it. I am on the verge of asking it of you again. I should like to have it again. But don't listen to me, and if you read, as you are free to do, since I hide nothing from you, never tell me what it contains. I suspect it only too well, and I do not know what I should do if I were better informed."

(Page 422.)

As a rule, however, it must be confessed that Marivaux deals with those loves of which his M. Jacob says, "They have nothing to do with the heart;" which, by the way, he conceives to be the majority and the dominant influence in nature, being here again a true son of his time. "He painted love as he saw it around him," says Brunetière; to find passion he would have needed to abandon somewhat his coteries, to dare to descend a little lower with Prévost, or to mount a little higher with—shall we say?—Rousseau; he should have been a little less a man of the world and a little more of a poet. As it is, love with him is little more than gallantry, or, as he would say, the useful embellished by respectability, animal desires under the veil of elegant politeness. As such, as a "breviary of the art of pleasing" and of flirtation, it is near perfection, and perhaps nowhere in literature shall we find such delicate instructions in coquetry,

concerning which the only reserves that need be made are first that the whole is a moral corrosive, and secondly that any person sufficiently *délurée* to understand such instructions needs none. Surely ladies who are willing to "take delight in all ways of pleasing" will hardly need instruction in how "to be many women at once." "When I wished," says Marianne, "to have a roguish look, I had a manner and a dress ready for the occasion. Next day you would find me with languishing graces, then I'd be a modest beauty, serious, indifferent. So I would hold the most flighty man. I duped his very inconsistency, because every day I made myself a new charmer for him, and so it seemed to him just as though he had exchanged." (Page 42.)

There have been people who have said that Marivaux was more ethically uplifting than Le Sage. To me he seems a natural link in the evolution that was leading from a healthy though crass naturalism to those miasmic gardens in which grow only the brilliantly exquisite *fleurs du mal*. In one of his prefaces Marivaux says that if any one "should tell me that my writings had corrected any vices, or even any vicious men, I should be truly sensible to the praise." Perhaps we might apply to Marivaux Marianne's remark: "People often suppose that they have a tender conscience, not because of the sacrifices that they make to it, but because of the trouble they take with it so as to avoid the need of making any."

Certainly as a novelist Marivaux is uneven, much more uneven than Le Sage. At his best he is almost as keen and profound in his psychology; at his worst he is prolix almost beyond endurance. Of this it would not be difficult to give examples, but the reader will doubtless be willing to take it on trust. To read his novels in a hurry is fatal. To read them without occasionally skipping over a sentence or two is almost impossible. But his best and his worst are not only different in quality, they differ in kind. Faguet has put this very well when he says that from Le Sage to Marivaux the novel, from having been the work of a moralist, becomes the work of a psychologist, with the defects and

qualities that belong to that class. It is made up of a very minute study of a few sentiments, with many reflections and considerations. This makes a somewhat scanty framework, and to stuff it out the author adds things that are not his own but his neighbor's, a little more of that vulgar realism that had begun to show itself in *Le Sage*, and quickly became a fashion in France, where realism has usually been only a certain taste for vulgarity, a little sentimentality and gift of tears, and a little rakishness.

Preëminently a psychologist, he fell on a somewhat evil time. He would have felt far more at home with our own generation, or with that of *La Bruyère*. For this reason, and also because the novel was not ripe for many of his innovations, he neither himself carried his talent to its full development, nor did others who followed him realize the possibilities inherent in his innovations. His best work was done for the stage, because the evolution of that *genre* was ripe for the more delicate touches of his genius. With the novel it was as yet different. "Every one knew," says Brunetière, "that something could be done in this line, but no one had yet done it. Capable of attempting, Marivaux was not yet capable of accomplishing, and he did not accomplish. That is the secret of the unevenness of his work." So long as the people generally thought with Voltaire that the novel could be defined as "the production of a feeble mind writing with facility things unworthy to be read by serious men," serious men were not likely to give to this *genre* the higher unity of artistic composition. In this Marivaux is even more lacking than *Le Sage*, and as the latter certainly errs in the multitude of adventures, so the former surely errs in the mass of his observations. And yet Marivaux was singularly original, and the germs of his thought may be discerned more or less distinctly in many writers of his century and of ours, though it may not always be easy to show direct borrowing. We know from Diderot that in the days just preceding "*Pamela*" and "*Tom Jones*" Marivaux was one of the most popular novelists in England, and the influence of "*Marianne*" on "*Pamela*," is unmistakable. In

France Marivaux was not personally liked by his fellow-romancers, Prévost and Crébillon, because of his overweening conceit, but Diderot always spoke of him with respect, and seems to owe much of his finest work in "le Neveu de Rameau" to his inspiration, while his best novel, "la Religieuse," has as many points of resemblance and as many of superiority to the convent passages (Books IX.-XI.) in "Marianne." No one pretends that Diderot imitated Marivaux. That Titan had no need to imitate anybody. What is true, and what ought to be set down to the credit of the earlier writer, is, that he saw, a generation before the philosophic deluge, the artistic value of the literary proletarian, the new Panurge, the shameless parasite, and of the credulously rebellious nun. Then, too, Rousseau borrowed not a little both for his "Confessions" and for the deism of his "Savoyard Vicar" from Marivaux, who had patronized his literary beginnings, and of whom he always spoke with affection. And critics have not failed to call attention to single passages which go to show that many later writers, among whom one may name Chamfort, Cherbuliez, Hugo, and even Balzac, have not read Marivaux in vain.

But to initiate is not to accomplish, and the interest that Marivaux has for us will always be the interest that we feel in literary origins rather than in literary beauty. His praise must be that without him many of the most striking works of later fiction would not be what they are. To blame him for not having anticipated all the results of his methods is as unjust, on the one hand, as it is, on the other, to attribute to him their merits. The just mean will be to say that there is no novel of manners in modern literature in France or in England behind which one may not see something of this man whom Brunetière happily describes as "the most serious of French writers of light literature."

BENJAMIN W. WELLS.

THE HEGEMONY OF RUSSIA.¹

IT is always instructive to recur to the impressions and forecasts of an intelligent foreign publicist who has for some time sojourned in his adopted country and employed while there every means attainable to depict its constitution and aspirations. Lapse of time, instead of diminishing, rather increases the value of such a work; for an opportunity is thus offered of testing the accuracy of this or that prediction and at the same time of tracing the organic development of the political institutions of the country described. It is barely necessary, for example, to remind a student of Germanic history of the priceless heritage bequeathed the Teutonic world by Cæsar and Tacitus, whose vivid delineations of the manners and customs of our tribal ancestors unravel much that would otherwise be unintelligible.

But why go so far away in point of time and distance for illustrations of the fact just mentioned? Have we not the immortal treatise of Tocqueville on the progress of democracy in the new world? And as long as men have faith in the virtues of self-government will they not instinctively turn over the leaves adorned with the acute observations of that brilliant young Frenchman whose name is so inseparably connected with that of our own country? Mr. Wallace set before himself quite a different task; but his graphic description of the practical operations of the most colossal autocracy of the Old World is scarcely surpassed in value and interest by Tocqueville's investigations in the more inspiring field of American institutions. The Frenchman, moreover, depicted institutions toward which all well-wishers of the human race fondly believe the institutions of every civilized people are surely drifting, whilst the Scotchman no less accurately and laboriously laid bare whatever of good and ill there may be in ancient conceptions of patriarchal government and that blind obedience on the part of the masses which

¹ Russia. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M. A. New York: Holt & Co.

received its deathblow in America. At the same time the commanding position which Russia now occupies in the affairs of the world has naturally aroused a widespread and increasing curiosity in the people and government of the Tsar in particular, and of the great Slav race in general. Many, therefore, who are already familiar with the results of Mr. Wallace's painstaking researches—published more than a score of years ago—will in all likelihood be attracted to them with fresh interest for the purpose of obtaining some information regarding a country that must be reckoned with in the calculations of every American and European power.

Comprising one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, and covering an area of more than 8,000,000 square miles, Russia contains a population of 130,000,000. Her very magnitude, therefore, is calculated to arrest attention; for her landed area is more than double that of the United States, whilst her population equals that of the British Isles, France, and Austria-Hungary combined. Russia's geographical situation, moreover, is no less interesting than her magnitude; and a glance at the map of Europe will disclose at once several reasons why the government of the Tsar has played so important a rôle in the history of the world. Then, again, when we come to Russia we encounter racial, social, political, economic, and religious ideas so unlike those of Western Europe that we seem often to be on another planet; for it is well to bear always in mind the well-known fact that whilst France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and in a perhaps less degree England and Germany, are the heirs of the legal and administrative conceptions of the Roman Empire in the West, Russia has inherited many of the ideas and theories which in church and state radiated from Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern Empire. The Tsar of Russia—whatever may be the origin of his title—is the Emperor of the East just as the Kaiser of new Germany loves to consider himself the Emperor of the West; and thus, renewed and intensified by the manifold rivalries of modern times, the ancient dissensions of the Roman Empire have come down to us, in a measure, from a remote past, and emphasize in a rather cu-

rious manner the wonderful continuity of history. It is also a perfectly familiar fact that Russia is the home of the bulk of the Slav race, one of the last waves of Aryan migration to sweep from Asia across the continent of Europe. And while community of blood and institutions unites into something approaching a confederacy the Teutonic peoples of the north and the Latin nations of the south, the same ties draw together the Slav of Russia and his kinsmen and co-religionists of Southeastern Europe and of Northern Asia. Thus for a number of centuries—especially during the papal supremacy in political matters—Western Europe either saw or professed to see in Russia, half Asiatic and half European, a common foe against whom all should take a common stand; and this fact has exerted no slight influence on the course of European history. Russia's relations with Turkey have furthermore been a source of constant alarm and irritation whenever countries like England, for example, have been forced by popular indignation to approach the subject of the Porte's inhuman treatment of the long-persecuted Christians residing in Turkey. To Americans, on the other hand, Russia will ever appeal as our true and firm friend on more than one trying occasion when other nations across the Atlantic either gave us the cold shoulder or strove actively to increase our annoyances and dangers. Finally, Russia is to-day, by reason of her enormous resources and matchless diplomacy, the leading power of Europe, to say nothing of the rapidly increasing prominence she is acquiring throughout Northern and Central Asia. Curiously enough, too, this primacy of Russia in place of that of Great Britain, which long enjoyed the overlordship of Europe, has been achieved through the peaceful arts of statesmanship rather than those of war; but Russia's triumphs are destined to prove far more lasting and extensive than had she won her laurels on the battlefield. Her alliance with France—long feared and thwarted by Bismarck; her supremacy in China; her influence in Korea; her encroachments upon Persia; her silent marches through Afghánistán; her virtual protectorship over Turkey; her rescue of Italy from the perils encountered by that country in Africa

—in a word, Russia's augmenting influence in European and Asiatic affairs will surely make her more than ever the arbiter of international disputes, and her Tsar the king of kings. Panslavism, moreover, which has for its object the unification of the scattered members of the great Slavonic race, will unquestionably give to the influence of the Tsar a still wider sweep; and many circumstances point to the fact that Constantinople will fall into his lap whenever he deems such a step necessary and advisable.

Meantime the completion of the Caspian and Siberian railways can scarcely fail to give Russia an immense advantage in the East, the future battlefield of the world, both from a commercial and military point of view. Should the Tsar indeed transfer his seat of government from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, the gateway between Europe and Asia, he will bestride two continents and wield the power of a Cæsar in fact as well as in name. Of course no one would be hazardous enough to predict the outcome of Russia's sure and triumphant progress, but we may as well make up our minds to believe that several important events are bound to occur. In the first place Russia's steady growth cannot be checked until it has reached its normal point of development. And then, again, it seems to be very plain that Russia's influence is destined to assert itself more directly and generally on all those larger questions which are rising above the political horizon of every power of the civilized world. That the character of that influence, moreover, will in large part be determined by Russia's past, her present, and the temperament and institutions of her people, is beyond dispute. To trace the evolution of this greatest of Old World powers and to depict the ideals of its heterogeneous population, Mr. Wallace had plentiful opportunities, including a residence of almost six years in the country, from March, 1870, till December, 1875, and a close personal acquaintance with all classes of Russians. During that time he not only mastered the difficult language of the people, but also visited all parts of the empire and accumulated a large mass of material concerning the past history and the then prevailing condition of

the country. He also found time to make special investigations regarding the "Rural Commune, various systems of agriculture, the history of emancipation, the present economic condition of the peasantry, the financial system, public instruction, recent intellectual movements," and kindred topics. Questions like those just indicated naturally occur to every thoughtful mind interested in Russia, and their thorough discussion by Mr. Wallace is as valuable to-day as it was almost a quarter of a century ago; for it must be remembered that Russia is extremely conservative. Of course, however, several important historical events have occurred since the publication of this book, and these it will be well to bear in mind. First of all, the Bulgarian atrocities brought on the war with Turkey in 1877, whilst the celebrated Berlin Congress of 1878, deprived Russia of the substantial fruits of her triumph over her inveterate Mahometan foe. Then again, Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs, fell a victim to a nihilist's bomb in 1881, and his son, Alexander III., who succeeded him, passed away five years ago and was succeeded by the present Tsar, Nicholas II.

Mr. Wallace is singularly free from the prejudices of the average Englishman respecting Russia, for most English writers regard Russia as an altogether bad and unlovely country. Indeed, the pages of history scarcely record a blacker and more useless policy than that which Great Britain's jealousy of her great northern rival has made her consider it necessary to adopt, a policy which reached its lowest depths in the alliance with Turkey in order to thwart Russia's natural aspirations in Southeastern Europe. It is this fateful attitude of Great Britain that has in no small degree led to the awful butchery of Christians in various parts of Turkey, and when at last the enlightened conscience of the English people forced the government to abandon so disgraceful a position, Russia can scarcely be blamed for having distrusted such a radical change of heart. Swift and terrible has been the punishment meted out to Great Britain. The martyred Servians, Bulgarians, and Armenians have not been forgotten; for not only is the "Sick Man of

Europe" at last near death's door, but his whilom physician is quite generally discredited on the continent.

Contrary to common belief, there are many grounds for thinking that the primacy of Russia in the Areopagus of Christendom makes for peace rather than for war, and this quite apart from the present Tsar's well-known efforts to bring about a general disarmament—efforts which few thoroughly informed persons mistrust. Russia is sincerely anxious for the tranquillity of the world. This she craves in great measure for the purpose of gaining time to digest her newly acquired territory and to develop the intellectual and material welfare of her people. She also craves peace on account of higher considerations, for, strange as it may seem, there is no country more generally pervaded by religious and philanthropic ideals than Russia. Its despotic government possesses, to be sure, little that is worthy of admiration; but it often happens that whilst a particular government may be a hateful thing to us, the people living under it may possess many charming traits. So it is with Russia. Her government may be so distasteful to us that we may go the length of hoping that before very long it may peacefully give way to a more enlightened constitution. Meantime the great Russian people may be found to possess those qualities of heroism, self-sacrifice, and philanthropy that will atone for much that is otherwise unattractive. And from a political point of view we shall discover that, in spite of the despotic nature of the national government, the communal or local affairs of Russia, so far as landed interests are concerned, are administered in a spirit so democratic that its equal cannot be found elsewhere. Here and there are rifts in the ice through which we can catch glimpses of a free and mighty current toward liberty. To understand these and other elements of Russian life, however, it will be necessary to recall a few salient features connected with the history of the country.

It has been said of a Russian writer that he once described his country as "a vast building with a European front, furnished in Asiatic style, and served by Tartars disguised in

European dress." Thus are indicated the foundations of that imposing structure which overshadows not only Europe, but a large part of Asia as well; and although every one has a fair knowledge of the course of Russian history, it may be well to recall in this connection its chief landmarks, so as to bring out in strongest light its present commanding position.

To begin at the beginning, it was in the middle of the ninth century that bands of Norse adventurers, under Ruric, their half-mythical leader, settled in the vicinity of Novgorod, near the Baltic, and, having conquered the aboriginal Slav tribes, laid the foundations of Russia, a word borrowed from the name the subjugated people gave to their conquerors. But it would be an error to fancy that the invaders preserved their national characteristics; for, in point of fact, they became thoroughly slavonized in the course of a few centuries in precisely the same manner as their brethren amalgamated with the native races of France and of England. In progress of time, moreover, the northern invaders of the region now called Russia acquired supremacy over all the neighboring tribes, which in the tenth century became converted to Christianity and adopted the Greek form of worship from Constantinople. This latter fact has always made Russia a stranger to Western Europe, which in the Middle Ages was knit together by the all-prevailing influences of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Toward the end of the twelfth century, however, the Mongols or Tartars, after having overrun the northern part of China, burst into Europe and spread consternation throughout the continent. As an outpost of civilization, Russia, of course, felt the main force of this irruption of Asiatic hordes, who, under a great leader enjoying the honorary title of Genghis Khan, conquered the country, and held it for two centuries. History tells us that during the period of Tartar supremacy the Slavonic state of Muscovy, with Moscow as its capital, gradually acquired such a preëminence among the other Slavonic principalities that flourished in what is now called Russia, that it was finally able, under Ivan the Great, to overthrow,

in 1480, the hated supremacy of the Mongol race, and to lay the foundations of the Slav empire. By humiliating Novgorod, and other independent states of the north, the hitherto sovereign principalities of the country were consolidated. No less important was Ivan's intermarriage with Sophia, the cultured and beautiful niece of the last Emperor of the East. This occurred some years after the Turks, the southern representatives of the Tartar race, had taken Constantinople, when the family of the young princess escaped to Rome, where they were protected by Pope Paul II. It was through him that the royal match was arranged, and there was something prophetic about the Metropolitan's words to Ivan: "God sends thee this illustrious spouse, a branch of the imperial tree which once overshadowed all orthodox Christianity. Happy alliance, which will make of Moscow another Constantinople, and give its grand princes all the rights of the Grecian Tsars!" Ivan thus inherited not only the Greek religion, but also the Greek ideas that had for so long a time prevailed at Constantinople. Russia is henceforth an empire, and "Holy Mother Moscow" the center of Christian influence in Eastern Europe. And just as the Italian cities threw open their gates to those learned men who fled from Ottoman persecution, so Moscow became an asylum for the same class of persons who brought with them that cultivated taste which soon manifested itself in beautiful buildings and a higher form of life everywhere.

But the Russia of which we are now speaking was no more the Russia of the present day than the American republic of 1783 is identical with our country of 1899. St. Petersburg was still to be built. As yet there was no Russia outside of Europe. Russia, indeed, barely touched the sea at any point. The stubborn Tartars were still lingering in the south, and thus cutting off Russia from the Caspian and the Euxine; hostile Swedes and Finns prevented her from reaching the Baltic, and the no less warlike Lithuanians and Poles intervened between her and Western Europe. By the end of the Middle Ages, therefore, Russia had

thrown off the yoke of her Asiatic masters, and acquired some prominence on the continent, especially after Ivan IV., in 1547, had discarded the title of prince for that of Tsar; but she was not yet in contact with European civilization, nor did she possess an outlet by sea. To her rulers, therefore, who had any pride of race or place, two lines of development were plainly discernible—one lay to the east, the other toward the west. Fortunately for Russia, the tasks that were a prerequisite to a realization of her dreams found their appropriate performers; and, although we may justly condemn many of the schemes resorted to by successive rulers in the accomplishment of their work, we must judge both actors and events by the standards of the sixteenth century rather than by those of the nineteenth. Hence when we encounter men like that Ivan the Terrible, who wrote his name in blood, we should remember the words of a historian of Russia, that “the century was that of Henry VIII. in England, of Ferdinand and the Inquisition in Spain, of Catherine de' Medici and the great massacres in France. The influence of the Tartar slavery was seen in the severity of the new laws. For a debt a man could be tied up and beaten three hours a day; if, after a month, no one was moved to pay his debts for him, he was sold as a slave. Thieves and murderers were hanged, beheaded, broken on the wheel, drowned under the ice, or whipped with sinews which were made to ‘give a sore lash and bite into the flesh.’ Sorcerers were roasted alive in cages, traitors were tortured by iron hooks which tore their sides into ten thousand pieces; false coiners had to swallow molten lead!” But, in spite of such inhuman atrocity, Ivan the Terrible did much to widen the interests of Russia. It was mainly through his influence, for example, that Kazan in the northeast and Astrakhan in the southeast were wrested from the Tartars. Russia thus acquired control of the Volga, one of the principal natural waterways of the country, which brought her dominions fairly to the Caspian. The mention of this Ivan's name also brings up the very important acquisition and colonization of Siberia, which was begun in 1581, under the

direction of Gregory Strogónof and a numerous band of Cos-sack and other adventurers. Thus while the Spaniards, the English, and the French were partitioning America among themselves, Russian exploring parties were carrying the imperial eagles into Asia, and sailing down the Amoor River on their way to the Pacific. Meantime the line of Ruric the Conqueror becomes extinct, and election brings to the throne in 1613 Michael Romanoff, a branch of whose family still rules Russia. Among the many able rulers of this line there is one who soars so high above all the others that one instinctively recalls his name whenever one has anything at all to say of Russia. For what Washington is to the United States that Peter the Great is to his country. And yet it would be extremely difficult to find two characters so entirely unlike each other as the "Father" of our country and the man on whom Russians confer the same title. But each had a special mission to fulfill, and each was the creature of his time. Contrast, for example, Russia as Peter found it with Russia as he left it when his stormy career of thirty-six years as emperor ended in 1725. When Peter began his long reign Russia could boast of but one seaport, and that was on the White Sea. It is said, indeed, that at that time there was no such word as "fleet" in the Russian vocabulary. Manufacturing and agricultural interests were correspondingly defective. But by a series of extraordinary triumphs, Azof, the key to the Black Sea, was soon in his grasp, and shortly afterwards Peter acquired virtual control over the Baltic through the foolish campaign of the eccentric Charles XII. of Sweden. It was then that Peter went to work in his usually vigorous manner to found, in 1703, on the banks of the Neva the city that was to bear his name, and to become the new capital of the Russian Empire. As a result of these and other improvements, Peter the Great introduced Western civilization into Russia, and converted his subjects from Asiatics into Europeans. Never disdaining work of any kind himself, he rudely shocked the pride of his boyars and startled all classes by the active means he employed to rid them of their ancient conceptions

of fashion and religion, and although he did much to elevate the crown above every other element of national life, a strong hand was then necessary.

Of the successors of Peter the Great the space at our command will not permit us to speak at any great length. Soon after his death the council elevated Catherine, his widow, to the imperial throne; and she busied herself for two years in furthering Peter's magnificent schemes. Under her son, Peter II., the reactionaries got the upper hand; but his premature death resulted in the accession of the cruel Anna, who, with her favorite Biron, plagued the country for several years and unsuccessfully attempted to germanize it. Finally there came to the throne, toward the end of the last century, that extraordinary woman whom many regard as the greatest female sovereign that ever held the scepter of royalty. Of the many elements of strength and weakness in the character of Catherine II., this is not the place to speak. Suffice it to say that the conquest of Crimea in the South—afterwards to become the seat of a great and useless war—and of Poland in the West, gave to Russia many important advantages; and when her reign came to an end, shortly after the expiration of President Washington's second administration, Russia was stronger and more enlightened than ever before; for Catherine had bravely carried out the policy of Peter the Great, not only by widening her dominion, but also by opening wide its doors for the reception of Western ideas. With her possessions on the Baltic and the Black Sea, Russia was now in a position to become a naval power, while the conquest of Poland brought her face to face with the rest of Europe. Thenceforth Russia had to be a world power.

The Russians naturally regard Peter the Great with the reverence with which all right-minded Americans regard Washington. His resolute courage; his tireless industry, that sent him to Holland to work as a carpenter in order to learn the art of shipbuilding; his introduction into Russia of the trades of Western Europe; his military genius; his political and social reforms; his construction in the marshes of the Neva of a great capital, which was to be the window through which light from

abroad was to illuminate his people; his conquests; and finally, his abiding faith in the genius and capacity of the Slav race—all these things, in spite of temporary loss of popularity, and active opposition at the time, tend to make of him the hero of Russia. And scarcely inferior to him in many respects was the illustrious Catherine, one of several remarkable women who in a land where women are still denied many primary rights in church and state, wielded an influence of transcendent importance. Subsequent years witnessed the reactionary policy of Paul; the vagaries of Alexander I., under whom occurred the disasters to Napoleon in and around Moscow; and the Russo-Turkish war of 1828-29, largely caused by Russian sympathies with the struggling Greeks, who owe much of their freedom to Nicholas I. The barbarities of the Turks had aroused the indignation of the whole civilized world, and although it is true that the English and the French fleets combined with that of Russia in the naval engagement of Navarino, the brunt of the war fell upon the great northern champion of the oppressed Christians. Gen. Diebitsch, the Russian commander, had already crossed the Balkans, and seized Adrianople; and in Asia Kars and Erzerum had fallen into the hands of the brave Paskevitch. The triumphant regiments of the Tsar were already marching upon Constantinople, determined to end, once for all, the Mahometan anachronism and its lustful and cruel despotism. Suddenly a halt was called by Austria and England, who were jealous of Russia's glory. So the Peace of Adrianople, which ended this war, gave to Greece her independence, to be sure, but it also bolstered up the Ottoman Empire and has ever since enabled the Sultan to keep alive the Eastern question by playing off one European power against the others. In spite of these facts, however, Russia made enormous gains; for the boundaries in the east were so drawn that a part of Turkish Armenia, with the city of Akhalzikh, passed under Russian sovereignty. Turkey also conceded that the sovereignty of Russia extended over Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, Gouriel, and other Cau-

casian countries. No less significant was the fact that passage was allowed through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus to Russian merchant ships, or, in other words, the Black Sea was opened to vessels at peace with Turkey, whilst Russia was given the right of navigating the Danube. Russia had now acquired a more complete right than ever before to interfere in the affairs of those Christian Slav principalities in Southeastern Europe that were still under the sovereignty of Turkey. All this naturally enhanced the prestige of the Tsar throughout that part of the continent, and the crescent began to exhibit unmistakable evidences of a decline. And it was these circumstances that paved the way for the well-known events of 1853-56, including the Crimean war. Their narration is scarcely necessary. It may be desirable, however, to outline them in a few words.

The affairs of the Levant had long been engrossing the public attention of the civilized world, and the problem of getting rid of "the unspeakable Turk" without destroying the balance of power was a thorn in the side of Europe. It was at this time that the Tsar Nicholas gave to Turkey the name of "Sick Man of Europe," which it has ever since borne in diplomatic circles. It happened in this wise. Talking one day with Sir George Seymour, the British Ambassador to St. Petersburg, the Emperor in an outburst of confidence declared: "We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man; I tell you frankly it would be a great misfortune if he should give us the slip some of these days, especially if it happened before all the necessary arrangements were made." The Tsar's plans embraced the independence of Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and the principalities of the Danube under Russia's protection. Constantinople was to be "occupied provisionally by Russian troops;" and Crete and Egypt—both under Turkish rule—were held out as baits to Great Britain. Notwithstanding England's opposition, the Tsar pursued his schemes. Meantime, the occasion of the war was furnished by the familiar quarrel between the Greek and Latin monks at Jerusalem over the keys to the Holy Places.

The Tsar naturally espoused the cause of the former, and

went so far as to declare that Russia should be given a protectorate over all members of the Greek Church in the Turkish empire. Prince Menschikoff urged these demands in so overbearing a manner that it is highly probable that he counted on their rejection. Be that as it may, the Porte declined to listen to him, and the Russian ambassador quitted Constantinople, uttering threats. In the war that ensued—usually styled the Crimean war—the Western powers, notably Great Britain and France, once more held up the hands of Turkey. The battle of the Alma, the siege of Sebastopol, including Balaklava and the charge of the immortal Light Brigade; the storming of the Malakoff, and the final defeat of Russia are facts too sufficiently well known to demand more than the barest mention. But the Peace of Paris, which brought hostilities to a close in 1856, is a landmark, not only in the history of Russia, but also in that of the world. By the terms of this celebrated convention Russia lost much of what she had previously acquired, whilst at the same time the Christian states of enlightened Western Europe tightened the Sultan's grip upon the throats of his Christian subjects. The parties to this treaty were Austria, France, Great Britain, Russia, Sardinia, and the Ottoman Porte. Prussia was also asked to take part. The following articles were agreed upon:

- I. The Black Sea was made neutral and opened to the commerce of the world, and no war ships were to be allowed to enter the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus.
- II. The Danube was opened to commerce.
- III. Russia ceded the mouths of the Danube, which were given to Moldavia.
- IV. Russia renounced the one-sided protectorate over the Christians of Turkey as well as that claimed over the principalities of the Danube.
- V. Russia not only restored Kars, but also promised to establish no arsenals on the Black Sea, nor to maintain there a fleet greater than that of the Sublime Porte.
- VI. In return for these concessions on the part of Russia, the Western Powers gave her back Sebastopol, after

having first destroyed the docks, the constructions in the harbor, and the fortifications! And, as if not sufficiently well satisfied with this resuscitation of the "Sick Man," Dr. John Bull and his consulting physicians went so far as to get Turkey admitted into the pale of international law as a civilized state! In other words, the power that at that time unhappily dominated European affairs lent the whole weight of its enormous influence to the meanest and cruelest government that ever rose above the surface of European politics, or, indeed, above the surface of the earth, and, rather than let Russia carry out her natural policy, jealously and wickedly handed back to Turkey the long-oppressed subjects who were so near their freedom. Henceforth fear of Russia is more than ever the key to England's foreign policy, and anything to crush Russia the maxim of her diplomatists. To carry out these fatuous ideas, therefore, England deliberately committed herself to the task of preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. What if thousands of persecuted Christians were butchered with startling frequency and under the most horrible circumstances imaginable? Was not Russia being kept out of Constantinople? Were not British trading vessels protected on their way to India? And, after all, were not the Armenians a pretty low sort of folk, and the Sultan an accomplished gentleman? The inevitable result of this purblind and unwarranted policy was to unite the Christians of the Balkans, and forward the Panslavonic movement to such an extent that Russian influence rapidly acquired supremacy throughout Southeastern Europe. Indeed, had England purposely adopted a plan of building up the supremacy of Russia, she could not have selected a better course. For the spirit of nationality was quickly aroused, and the Russian's heart beat as it had not done since the devastations of the earlier Tartar hordes had called him to the aid of his southern kinsmen.

But, while these exciting affairs abroad were disturbing the quiet of Russia, grave difficulties at home were claiming the attention of her rulers. "About the year 1840," says Mr. Wallace, "began to appear what may be called 'the

men with aspirations,' a little band of generous enthusiasts, strongly resembling the youth in Longfellow's poem who carries a banner with the device 'Excelsior,' and strives ever to climb higher, without having any clear notion of where he is going to, or what he is to do when he reaches the summit. At first they had little more than a sentimental enthusiasm for the true, the beautiful, and the good, and a certain Platonic love of free institutions, liberty, enlightenment, progress, and everything that was generally comprehended at that period under the term 'liberal.' Gradually, under the influence of current French literature, their ideas became a little clearer, and they began to look on reality around them with a critical eye." The prospect, however, was not encouraging. For to the wild tyranny of the central government were added corruption on the part of public officials, venality in courts of justice, apathetic indifference among the nobles, and a system of serfage which was a disgrace to civilization. This unrest was further intensified by the rigorously repressive system of Nicholas, whose failure in the Crimean war fanned the smoldering embers of popular indignation into a blaze. With the advent of the humane Alexander II. a new era was ushered in, especially after the emancipation of the serfs and the establishment of the communal system of land tenure. All Russia was at this time throbbing with the pulsations of a new and joyous life. It seems, indeed, as though the renaissance spirit which had reclaimed Western Europe was about to elevate the Russian people by arousing them from their eternal lethargy. Alexander felt the impulse of the day. Foreign ships were again allowed to enter Russian ports; and various repressive measures, including the law limiting the number of university students to three hundred, adopted because of the ill-starred liberal movement of 1825, were abolished. "It was altogether a joyful time," a Russian writer is quoted as singing, "as when after a long winter the genial breath of spring floats over the cold, stony earth, and nature awakes from her deathlike sleep, speech, long held

down by the laws of police and censors, now began to flow like a mighty river that has just been freed from ice."

Already, however, "the struggle between the Classical and the Romantic school, between the adherents of traditional æsthetic principles and the partisans of untrammeled poetic inspiration, which was being carried on in Western Europe, was reflected in Russia. . . . Romantic poetry acquired the protection of the government and the patronage of the court, and the names of Zhukófski, Púshkin, and Lermontoff—the chief representatives of the Russian Romantic school—became household words in all ranks of the educated classes." Public affairs were ignored, and "such events as the French Revolution of 1830 paled before the publication of a new poem by Púshkin." The transcendental philosophy, which in Germany, as Mr. Wallace assures us, went hand in hand with the Romantic literature, found a faint reflection in Russia, especially among a small group of young professors and students in Moscow, who passed from Schiller and Goethe to Schelling and Hegel. To these Hegel was as a man inspired; and with all the ardor of neophytes they viewed even the commonest incidents of everyday life through the medium of philosophy. Ordinarily men of quiet, grave, contemplative demeanor, "their faces could flush and their blood boil when they discussed the all-important question whether it is possible to pass logically from Pure Being through Nonentity to the conception of development and definite existence!" Of course a healthier reaction took place in Russia, as elsewhere, especially after the broad humor of Gogol, the "Russian Dickens," had hit off to the life the moonshine and heart gushings which had so long made a caricature of literature. But this necessarily brief reference to Russian writers will prepare us to understand the influence of Hegel on the national aspirations of the people, and the impulse given by that philosopher to the ambitions of the Slavophils. According to Hegel's well-known theory of universal history, in each period of the world's career: "Some one nation or race had been intrusted with the high mission of ennobling the Absolute

Reason or Weltgeist to express itself in objective existence. . . . The incarnation had taken place first in the Eastern monarchies, then in Greece, next in Rome, and lastly in the Germanic race; and it was generally assumed, if not openly asserted, that this mystical metempsychosis of the Absolute was now at an end." But the patriotic group of Moscow enthusiasts were not prepared to admit that the circle of existence was complete, and that in the Teutonic race the Weltgeist had found its highest and final expression. Such an idea was flatly contradicted by the entire history of Russia, to say nothing of the unmistakable symptoms of decay everywhere, in their opinion, visible in the West, where "opinion struggles against opinion, power against power, throne against throne;" and where, sadder still, "science, art, and religion, the three chief motors of social life, have lost their force."

This brings us finally to the Slavonic ideal. It is nothing more or less than the virtual ascendancy of the race, as interpreted by the Moscow worshipers at the shrine of Hegel. To the races of Western Europe the Slav confidently declares: "Your work is well-nigh done. It is true that you have accomplished much for mankind, and secured for the individual certain rights of which you never fail to boast. You have also taught the world how to simplify production, guide industrial development, build huge cities, and to increase the comforts of life; and it must be granted that you have even made some contributions to things spiritual. But you have made a god of money, and the thin shell that stands between you and your inevitable doom is soon to be crushed by the irresistible forces already fermenting beneath it. And when the end does come, the young, lusty Slav race—that knows nothing of social classes, money getting, political rivalries, or the fiction of parliamentary government—will take up the work anew and reconstruct the society of the world on the principles of equality and brotherhood, and the personal rule of a wise and benevolent autocrat."

The extent to which these dreams of the Slavophils will be realized cannot, of course, be foretold. There are, more-

over, a sufficient number of optimists still left in the Western world, and endowed with enough common sense to believe that, whatever evils may exist in society, they are by no means incurable so long as men are at liberty to publish them. A far greater cause for despair would be the thought that a people of such vitality and intelligence as the Russians—especially the educated section of the population—will always be content with a system of national administration that belongs to the age of barbarism. And while it is perfectly true that Russia may have postponed social convulsions by conveying to the emancipated serfs large areas of communal lands, it is not yet certain that she has solved the agrarian problem. Even granting that she has, however, the present rapid development of industrial life will surely bring with it that proletariat, which has for so many years been the bugbear of her rulers. With Western problems, therefore, Russia is pretty apt to become more occidental in habits of thought and action. At the same time it would be unwise to close one's eyes to the fact that not a single European power can now make a move without first finding out its probable influence on Russia. And in this keen rivalry of modern times Russia has many advantages; for, in addition to an enormous amount of territory—so flat that the population naturally flows southward and eastward—her possessions are capable of feeding a countless multitude, and are very hard to attack. Russia, moreover, has no political parties to find fault with those in power; no free pen that can point out corruption and inefficiency in high places; no angry constituency eager to display their opposition at the ballot box. The word of one man is law; and his heterogeneous millions—now being rapidly assimilated in race and religion—know no other rule of civil conduct than blind obedience to their omnipotent lord. No less majestic are Russia's strides in the field of international politics. To find new markets for dry goods and hardware is not the motive power of her march across Asia; for she is treading a far more glorious path—a path older than that made by any modern industrial contrivance. What Russia seeks is

dominion for the sake of dominion—the imperialism that has lured many a power to its destruction; and although she may for a time be the arbiter of international disputes, to conclude that she will eventually acquire universal dominion would be tantamount to saying that human progress is impossible and liberty an idle dream.

B. J. RAMAGE.

AN AMERICAN SAPPHO.

IN classic days one of the strongest proofs that Greece and Rome had passed the meridian of their greatness was that poetry ceased to be the vehicle of the expression of the serious thoughts and feelings of the age, and became a mere plaything of exquisite conceits and delicate fancies. If this divorce of poetry from the earnest life of the day is an unfailing sign of decadence, we must be, to say the least, in a season when the tide is ebbing. It has been a long time since poetry and life have been so dissociated, at any rate among English-speaking races. How much of this is due to the example of Lord Tennyson, we cannot say. An almost perfect artist, he lived only for his art and dwelt in a realm of dreams far removed from living actualities. It is not his own emotions that he sings, but the fancied emotions of others that have never throbbed in his own bosom, and the thoughts that he has to express, stripped of their radiant vesture and clothed in the plain garb of prose, would be tame enough. He has done more than any one to carry poetry away from the real world about us and make it a thing of the imagination. Few among us read contemporary poetry, for the simple reason that it has ceased to be the vehicle for the expression of the actual thoughts and feelings of the age. If it were, it would be read by all men; but for serious work its place has been usurped by prose, and it has become the language of idle fancy.

At the beginning of our century matters were far different. Then Goethe was using poetry to utter the profoundest thoughts of the epoch, while Byron was making it flash and burn with the fires of volcanic passions; and countless followers of each were uttering in verse their deepest meditations and intensest feelings. Poetry and life were one, and what was strongest and truest in the thoughts and emotions of the age found its expression in verse. Then everybody read poetry. It was the most popular, because the most vital, form of literature.

But as the century moved on the hold of poetry grew weaker every day. Prose continually made inroads upon its domain until now it has been driven almost beyond the actual and compelled to take refuge in a misty dreamland peopled by knights of the Round Table and other unreal personages. And that has had a peculiar effect. Though nobody reads contemporary poetry save a few belated survivors of a past age, it still remains the fashion to be considered a reader of it, particularly with the women; and contemporary poetical works are now mostly sold to be used as gift books. They are chiefly bought as presents for maidens, who glance languidly over them and then lay them aside. To be serviceable for this purpose they must be very pure, free from the stain of passion, and not weighed down with too much thought. As few poets can keep the wolf from the door by reading their productions to him—as one was recently advised to do—they have to cater to such slight demand for their works as exists, and produce verses that are equally innocent of thought, feeling, and offense, entirely proper to be presented to the young girls who are their destined recipients. Prose is free enough, dealing with the fiercest passions and the boldest ideas; but poetry is only a caged bird, though a bird of beautiful plumage and melodious song. And, strange to say, if it tries to break its bonds and fly out into the world where prose now reigns, claiming its old privilege of uttering the wild notes of real feeling, it is frowned upon and deemed improper. It is no longer the language of passion, but the language of sentiment and fancy. Browning tried to restore it to its old dignity and strength, but his form is so crabbed that he repels more than he attracts, and the circumscribed circle of his readers is not widening. Whatever may be the merits of Mr. Kipling's poetry (and outside of the "Recessional" they seem to be sufficiently slight), he has at least utilized verse to deal with the serious questions of the day, and the popularity which attends his efforts is a happy omen for the future of the poetic art.

The idea that all poetry must be suited to the perusal of

maidens has led to its being tamed until it has almost ceased to interest any one, for even the girl of to-day is as fond of spice in her reading as in her food. You may pick up any of our popular magazines, and you will find almost all the verses fall into three classes—the delicately fanciful, the sentimentally pure, and the religiously sentimental. Of poetry that grapples with the great thoughts and the earnest passions of the day, there is a painful lack; and poetry, like everything else, must perish when it loses contact with the vital elements of human life and feeling.

One singular manifestation is the aversion and contempt with which most English-speaking critics treat all poetry dealing with love, and at a time when love is the essence of practically all the innumerable novels that are issuing from the press, often described with a plainness and animalism that would do credit to the French. The poetical reviewer of one of our greatest literary periodicals always dismisses as unworthy of notice every poem that shows a sign of the "erotic taint." Love indeed may be handled, but it must never be expressed with the directness and intensity of Sappho or Byron; it must be hedged in by refined sentiment and delicate fancies until it bears no resemblance to the actual passion, and is like a fly preserved in amber—or, rather, like a picture by Burne-Jones or Puvis de Chavannes, a thing of exquisite beauty, but utterly divorced from the realities of this world. Such art is not to be discouraged. It lends to our existence a refinement and a charm that otherwise it must have lacked. Still, such art should not be made an exclusive standard. We should admire not only the delicate fancies of Botticelli, but the glorious pagan loveliness of Titian and the splendid animal vitality of Rubens. But our present poetical canons exclude the latter altogether. Botticelli's style is alone tolerated—a style which appeals keenly to a few, but which is caviare to the vast majority of mankind, who demand a more real and more vigorous presentation. This they find in contemporary prose, and as, for some reason which psychologists must explain, the passion of love is more agreeable to read about

than any other, the public turn from a poetry that gives it no real and vital utterance to a prose where it is expressed with realistic power.

Of all the passions, love is the one to which woman is most susceptible, and the one about which, at least in modern times, she displays the greatest reticence. This is due in some measure to the modesty of the sex, still more to the restraint of public opinion. It has been the rule from time immemorial that woman should not court, but be courted; that her love should not be uttered, but confessed. Her heart must be a hidden garden into which one alone can gaze. Pale lilies of fancy, passionate blood-red roses of desire, may blossom there, but they must bud and bloom and wither all unseen, or seen by but a single eye. The woman who tears down the barrier that the ages have built around her, and exposes the garden of her soul to the public gaze, is despised of men and execrated by her sex. A few of the Bohemian race, like George Sand, may do so, but the vast majority shrink from the exposure of their hearts as they would from an exposure of their persons. Many of them write, but instead of uttering their own thoughts and sentiments, they write as the world expects they should feel and think. There is no more seething volcano than a woman's breast, but its fires must smolder concealed beneath the snow. Consequently female authors are generally tame and insipid to the last degree. Forbidden by public opinion to utter plainly and intensely what they feel, and restrained by innate modesty from revealing the secrets of their hearts, they generally devote their writings to photographic reproductions of the commonplace, to ethical disquisitions that are a weariness to the flesh, to works of sentimental unreality, or something of the kind. This may be better as it is. I once suggested to an eminent novelist a regret that women did not write as they felt and reveal their inmost souls, and he replied that if they did they would make our hair stand on end.

One reason of the insipidity of much female writing is that the author's heart and senses have been so cramped

by the training that she and her ancestors have received that she has little to express. No sane man can deny that Christianity has done more to purify the world than all other causes combined. It took up the intense feeling for personal purity that characterized the Hebrew, infused into it the broader ethical teaching of the Greeks and an enthusiasm peculiar to itself, and spread it throughout the world. And its work has been done chiefly through women. Recognizing that masculine purity on any extended scale is little more than an iridescent dream, it has turned to the female sex, and made women the guardian of its altars; and, on the whole, she has maintained her trust with singular fidelity.

But this has had its drawbacks. To be the faithful priestess of any cult one's horizon must necessarily be circumscribed. He who has taken any vows is narrowed in his possibilities. The prime duty of the Christian woman is to tend the pallid flames upon the altar of purity. From her youth up she is taught to restrain her emotions, to be chaste and cold as Dian's moon. If she worships Venus, it must be the Venus Urania, not the Venus Pandemos with flashing eyes and disheveled hair. Her model must be the Vestal Virgin, not the Bacchante wandering over the mountain with brandished *thyrsus* and filling the forest glades with passionate cries. The emotional and the animal sides of her nature have been consistently suppressed for ages, until they have become greatly weakened. In the pale Gothic gardens the blood-red roses of Lesbos have turned to a pallid pink, and their intoxicating odor has become a delicate perfume. That this is better for morality none can doubt; but that it is better for art few who turn from the songs of Sappho to the verses of Mistress Hemans will be prepared to assert.

Occasionally the law of atavism has its revenge, and in the pale Gothic garden there bursts into bloom a blood-red rose flaming with all the long-buried passions of the South. If it is discovered, it is apt to be rooted up and cast out; and so it is constrained to hide itself and avoid notice. It

dares not, as in voluptuous Ionia, raise its head proudly to the sun and cast its intoxicating perfume on every breeze that blows.

Yet it is apparent to all observers that a change is coming over woman and her ideals. Mediæval conceptions of life are passing away and are being replaced by others closely akin to pagan standards. Our model of feminine perfection is no longer Gothic. It is no longer the pale lily of the cloister, with swanlike neck and slender, delicate form, pure and cold as the northern light that rose before our fathers in their dreams, and still dwells in the pictures of Burne-Jones. Our modern ideal is something different, a woman beautiful, healthy, and shapely, thoroughly well-developed, much like a Greek statue, but with a fuller roundness of the contours; and the active, wholesome life of the modern woman is fast bringing her to this standard. In the great centers of wealth where she is surrounded by that luxury which is as essential to woman's fullest development as it is detrimental to man's, she is rather advancing beyond the new ideal than lingering behind, rather tending to the florid luxuriance of Delaroche's figure of the *Renaissance* in the great Hemicycle of the Beaux-Arts at Paris than to the delicate pallor of the mediæval beauty that confronts her.

That this new bird of strong pinions and intense desires can be kept long imprisoned in the ancient cage is not to be expected. Everywhere she is beating her wings against the bars, threatening to break them down; and those who burst through are treated with a leniency that would formerly have been impossible. The woman with a past was once excluded from society; now she is apt to be made a lioness.

A great change is visible in woman's reading. Books which a few years ago were considered wholly unfit for "female perusal," and were deemed too unclean for the hands of sagest matrons, are now freely read by girls still in their teens. Novels which deal with the most recondite mysteries of passion are sure to have an enormous circle of

feminine readers. Our plays, mostly translations from the French, often leave little to the imagination. It is upon such food that the mind of woman is now fed, and the wonder is that the habit of ages and her innate modesty so generally restrain her from giving utterance to the passions they arouse.

But when at last the dike breaks, we may expect some strange revelations, perhaps some new developments in literature and art. Man's capacity for expression is almost exhausted. He has uttered all he thinks and feels, and the lees alone remain in the vat; but the heart of woman is full to overflowing, and the cup has scarce been tasted. Perhaps the literature and art of the future will be dominated by her as in the past they have been dominated by man.

Every now and then we see a little rent in the dike, and we watch it with curious interest, wondering whether it will swell into a flood or whether the organized forces of society will patch it up and stop the trickling stream before it grows too large. We see them closed almost as fast as they are made, but every year their number increases; and it is apparent that if the world continues to move on as it is now moving, sooner or later the dikes must be swept away completely, and women will utter all they feel with as little restraint as men.

One of the most striking illustrations of the shaking off of feminine fetters is that presented by the two little volumes¹ of verse published by Ann Reeve Aldrich before her premature death. They are volumes of extraordinary promise, uttering the cries and moanings of passion with an intensity and directness worthy of Sappho, though of course without that marvelous imprint of supremest genius that makes the slightest fragment of the Lesbian a scintillating gem. Still they are fine poems, the true sabbings and exultations of a woman's love, such an outpouring of a woman's heart as we rarely find in our modern literature. There are none of the fine phrases, the recondite interweavings, which make

¹"The Rose of Flame" (New York, Dillingham) and "Poems about Life, Love, and Death" (New York, Scribner's), by Ann Reeve Aldrich.

the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" so charming and so unreal to the average reader. There is no veil, no concealment, no artifice. Except that the words are in rhythm and in rhyme, they are such as any passionate woman might utter in the rapture and despair of love.

In the blithe days when she sported with her fifty maidens Sappho would not have understood all that Miss Aldrich meant; but when the mad love for Phaon came and she stood upon the Leucadian Rock, ready to quench in the purple waters of the Ægean the flames that consumed her soul, she would have recognized in Miss Aldrich a frailer, paler, sadder sister, and would have clasped her to her bosom. Yet even then she could not wholly have understood her; she could not have comprehended that shame of love that the Middle Ages had bequeathed to the youthful American. Sappho could never have understood why she should be more ashamed of her love than of hunger or thirst—why she should ever refrain from the utterance of any emotion. Her love, even its Lesbian forms, was as natural as that of a bird, and as devoid of shame. When Miss Aldrich sang the song with which she begins her singing Sappho would have wondered vainly what she meant. It marks the gulf between the woman of to-day and the woman of Lesbos.

In that first Eden Love gave birth to Shame,
And died of horror at its loathsome child.
Let us slay Shame and bury it to-day—
Yea, hide it in this second Eden's wild,
This dim, strange place where, for aught we two know,
No man hath stepped since God first made it so.

Now dream we are alone in all the earth.
Say, wouldest thou weep if all save we were dead?
I would not weep, but closer to my breast
Would press the golden glories of thy head,
Rejoicing that none other of my race
Should feed his eyes upon thy wondrous face.

Look at this tangled snare of undergrowth,
These low-branched trees that darken all below;
Drink in the hot scent of this noontide air,
And hear, far off, some distant river flow,

Lamenting ever till it find the sea.
New life, new world, what's Shame to thee and me?

Let us slay Shame; we shall forget his grave
Locked in the rapture of our lone embrace.
Yet, what if there should rise, as once of old,
New wonder of this new yet ancient place:
An angel with a whirling sword of flame,
To drive us forth forever in God's name?

It is not merely the Biblical allusions that Sappho would have failed to understand; the whole spirit of the piece would have been incomprehensible to her and to all her maidens, and they would have had no idea what their sad little sister was singing about.

Most of her verses, however, are clear cries of passion straight from the soul of woman, which, fettered as it may be, remains eternally unchanged; and they would be as comprehensible to the Lesbian Muse and her fair comrades as to the women of to-day. Professor Seeley says, "No heart is pure that is not passionate," and, judged by that standard, Miss Aldrich is pure indeed. As to the Magdalen, to her must much be forgiven, for she has loved much, and she expresses the joys of love when it is happy, and its grief when rejected, with a simplicity and realism that is refreshing amid the deluge of ingenious artificiality that now overwhelms us. Take, for example, such verses as those entitled "Separation:"

If it were land, oh! weary feet could travel;
If it were sea, a ship might cleave the wave;
If it were Death, sad Love could look to heaven
And see, through tears, the sunlight on the grave.
Nor land, or sea, or death keep us apart;
But only thou, O unforgiving heart.

If it were land, through piercing thorns I'd travel;
If it were sea, I'd cross to thee or die;
If it were Death, I'd tear Life's veil asunder,
That I might see thee with a clearer eye.
Ah! none of these could keep our souls apart;
Forget, forgive, O unforgiving heart.

Or these, entitled "Lent:"

Ah, the road is a weary road
 That leads one on to God,
 And all too swift the eager race
 To suit a lagging pace.
 And far, far distant looks the goal
 To the most patient soul.
 So I forsook the sharp-set road,
 And walked where pleasant herbs were sowed.
 I swung the sandals from tired feet,
 And strayed where honeyed flowers grew sweet,
 Nor strained tense nerves nor onward pressed,
 But made the goal his breast.
 His circling arms my heaven I made,
 And, save to him, no more I prayed.
 So for my sin I paid the price
 Of endless joys of Paradise.

Or these, entitled "Prescience:"

Sighed a wave in middle ocean:
 "Oh! to reach the warm, white shore!
 On its breast to lie in silence,
 Hushed in peace for evermore.
 Ah, I know what lies before me—
 I at last shall clasp the shore,
 Break my heart on it one moment,
 Then moan on for evermore."

Or these, entitled "In Exculpation:"

You seared both eyes with kisses,
 And then bade me, blinded, go,
 Nor leave betraying footprints
 Upon your life's pure snow.
 Ah, Love, you should remember,
 Ere you set blind captives free,
 They cannot find the bypaths
 Who can no longer see.
 Ah, Love, 'twas your cruel folly
 That set me journeying so,
 And hoped to find thereafter
 No footprints on the snow.

Or these, entitled "A Return to the Valley:"

Behold me at thy feet! Alone I climbed
 And wandered through the mountain land of Art,
 Amid God's awful snows; the keen, thin air
 Pierced through my brain and chilled me at the heart.

Behold me at thy feet! A famished heart
Does ill to travel by such paths as these.
Better for me to seek this vale once more;
Better for me to crouch here at thy knees.

Behold me at thy feet! And thou dost stretch
No tender hand to raise me to thy breast.
Ah! 'tis a foolish bird that hopes to find
Untouched, in leafless hedge, its last year's nest.

I will depart and seek again the heights,
Above hot love or wholesome hate of foes.
But from this day my pilgrim feet must leave
A track of blood across the awful snows.

These sufficiently show the character of her genius, her clearness of expression, her harmony of verse, and her intensity of feeling. But the world we live in is not one where passion-flowers thrive, and it is not surprising that her life's brief span should close with wails like the two that follow. She named the first "A Little Parable."

I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think my own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary.

The second was entitled "My Psalm of Thanksgiving:"

That I am one day nearer to the rest
Of my small, narrow bed beneath the sod,
Where I shall sleep, haply forgetting much,
I thank thee, God.

That, though the thorns are keen and thickly set
Along the path remaining to be trod,
My feet are travel-hardened to their wounds,
I thank thee, God.

That in the future there can be for me
No bitterer scourgings of thy heavy rod
Than I have borne in patience in the past,
I thank thee, God.

That this sad road at least must have an end
Toward which we weary travelers ceaseless plod—
Oh! most of all, that this sad road must end—
I thank thee, God.

All this is not great poetry; but there are times when the wisest of us turn gladly from the profoundest thoughts and the most recondite cadences to the clear cry of a human heart. This Miss Aldrich gives us, and as we read her two little volumes we feel that they utter with a directness rarely found passions as intense as real. As she died when little more than a girl, we cannot say what the future had in store for her; but we can say that Sappho would have embraced her as a younger sister, and would have listened with pleasure to the recital of her verses. Had she written in French, her popularity would have been great; and perhaps when the world is thoroughly wearied of the subtle harmonies and complicated structure of our contemporary English versification, and again craves something simple and direct that can be understood without repeated readings, she will become the fashion. A few years ago the critics gravely announced that Lord Byron was entirely dead and would never be read again; but now the interest in his works is visibly increasing, and it may be that men will turn again to the clearness and directness of his verse, each line of which stands out as distinct as if engraved in bronze, when not only he, but all who resemble him, will come into vogue.

G. B. Rose.

CATULLUS AND SHELLEY.

IN the Eternal City repose the ashes of two poets whose works offer many points of resemblance. The one was Catullus, the most passionate and the greatest of Roman lyric poets; the other was Shelley, the very first of the English lyricists. Over the latter many a wordy battle has been waged by his ardent admirers on the one side and his fierce detractors on the other; and Time, the great reconciler, can scarcely be said to have reconciled these opponents. His foes, since their moral nature is shocked by the loose views of morality held by Shelley the man, have in consequence formed a biased judgment of Shelley the poet. Such critics as these, who allow their judgment of a poet to be determined by the life he lived, would condemn Byron as a very ordinary poet of the third or fourth rate; while Bryant, a poet as far inferior to Byron in point of poetic endowment as the former's virtuous and severely puritanic life was superior to the latter's bohemian life, they would perhaps exalt to the highest pinnacle of poetic fame. From the point of view of the critics of this school it is a fortunate circumstance that tradition has not handed down to us more concerning the practices and life of the father of Greek poetry, of Alcaeus, and of the burning Sappho. In the judgment of these critics, who lack really the very first essential of literary criticism, an unbiased mind, Catullus, because of his *liaison* with the notorious Clodia, perhaps, does not deserve to be ranked as a poet at all. But the man who allows his prejudices to pervert his judgment is not qualified to sit on a literary tribunal.

Let us, then, laying aside our prejudices, try to view Catullus and Shelley in the calm and dispassionate light of reason, and see if their poetry does possess any qualities in common, or whether these resemblances are simply fanciful, the delusive dream of a feverish imagination.

To begin with, the outward lives of Catullus and Shelley offer a point of resemblance. Catullus was of a very ar-

dent nature, and early fell a victim to the pernicious charms of Lesbia, who seems to have been none other than the famous Clodia, the Palatine Medea whose dissolute life Cicero has painted with so bold a hand in his defense of Cælius. The early age at which Catullus formed this fatal passion and the *abandon* with which he gave himself up to it call to mind Shelley's rash connubial adventures. Witness the latter's union with the schoolgirl Harriet Westbrook, while he at the same time was a fervent admirer of the idealized schoolmistress, Miss Hitchener. Then later, after the separation from Harriet, Shelley's elopement with Mary Godwin suggests, in general, Catullus' suspicion of Lesbia's perfidy and his renunciation of her. But here the parallel, if pressed too far, ceases to hold, for Catullus, after his final renunciation of Lesbia, never seems to have loved another before death claimed him at the early age of thirty. The Lesbia episode occurred during his Werther period, and Catullus never advanced beyond the Werther period. It will be observed that when Shelley died he was but a year younger than "the youthful Catullus."

More, however, in the way of morality, was to be expected of Shelley, the reformer, than of Catullus, who rejoiced that he was permitted to spend his days in the delirious whirl of the gay and glittering capital. But in this respect disappointment awaits us, although his biographers tell us that Shelley was a man of exceedingly pure life. This may be, but he ought at least, atheist though he was, to have observed the time-honored conventionalities of society which form the underlying principle of the family. But morality was not with either Shelley or Catullus, as it was with Wordsworth, the chief concern of life. Perhaps we are to regard Shelley's delinquencies in this regard as manifestations of that revolutionary spirit which was for breaking loose from the conventionalities of society which a wholesome conservatism has fostered from time immemorial. If, then, we consider Shelley in the rôle of a revolutionist, or even of an idealist, we ought not to be surprised at his conjugal relations; for as an idealist he rejected the idea of a material existence,

denying both mind and matter, and living and moving in a kind of abstract, shadowy world, from which all morality and religious truth had been eliminated. Matthew Arnold, adopting the felicitous phrase of Joubert, called Shelley "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." This beautiful metaphor, while it may describe the ideal Shelley that we like to picture to ourselves, comes far from describing the real Shelley as his biographers have represented him. The real Shelley was an Angle, not an angel.

But if Shelley, by a figure of speech, can be called an angel, surely Catullus cannot so be called without doing violence to language. He was a man of real flesh and blood, and loved and hated with all the intensity of those diverse passions. And if the English poet lived in an abstract world of shadows, truly the Roman did not, for he was no philosopher. Catullus drew his highest satisfaction and deepest joy from his mingling in the social life of the imperial capital, into which life he threw himself with all the fervor of his nature. Hanging on the lips of his Lesbia like Desdemona on those of Othello, he was perfectly blissful, and was quite content to leave to his fellow-poet Lucretius the world of cold and tedious metaphysical speculation. From such a chilling world as that his impassioned nature would have instinctively recoiled. His theme was the human heart, not the head; and he has given us the history of his own heart, with all its thrills of rapturous joy, and with all its pangs of chilling sorrow when that heart was torn with the pang of unrequited love. Surely he experienced that feeling which Schiller makes the Princess Thekla give utterance to in those profoundly pathetic lines in "*Die Piccolomini*:"

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück;
Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.

The genius of both Catullus and Shelley was preëminently lyrical. True, Shelley did attempt narrative and even dramatic poetry, but his efforts in these directions cannot be said to be happy. Indeed, so truly lyrical was his genius, that his longer poems, though they exhibit here and there

snatches of song that thrill us with their joy and ecstasy, are yet, for the most part, absolute failures. For Catullus it can hardly be contended that he essayed any other kind of poetry than the lyric. Both poets sing out of their own feelings, sing out of their own hearts, their joys and longings, their sorrows and regrets. But even here there is a difference. Catullus sings what he really feels, of the passions that swept over his heart for the time, and to these he surrenders himself completely for the present, with no regard to the future. At this point the reader will doubtless recall the thrilling ode to Lesbia, "Let us live, my Lesbia, and love," glowing as it does with all "those myriad happy kisses," and the rapturous delight of that exquisite ode to his villa at Sirmio, "Rejoice, bright Sirmio, in thy master's joy." But with Shelley it was different. He sings not of what he actually feels, but of what he longs to feel; and sometimes his longing strikes a note of hopeless despair, as, for instance, in his inimitable ode to the skylark, in which his longing is truly pathetic. The entire lyric is shot through with a vein of sadness, cropping out most strikingly in that beautiful stanza:

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought.

This vein of sadness is not, however, peculiar to Shelley. Catullus also sounded a sad note, profoundly sad. But we can readily understand why he was sad, when we recall the perfidy of Lesbia, the woman he at first loved as much as his own life. She inspired his song when she first inspired his love; and when she proved false and betrayed his pure affection, his grief was intense and poignant. But even before this stage was reached, when he was experiencing, in the language of Polonius, "the very ecstasy of love," he struck a sad note. Even in this rapture the thought of death loomed up before him like a Brocken specter. But naturally this feeling found its fullest expression in the beautiful and

touching ode to his dead brother, a dirge that breathes no hope of a union in a future world, and in that sad and last ode that he wrote addressed to his friend Confucius. It was these little poems that Macaulay had in mind when he said: "They affect me more than I can explain; they always move me to tears." If we had to choose any of Shelley's verses to put over against these, perhaps we should select the "Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples," closing with those pathetic and half-prophetic lines:

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Neither Catullus' nor Shelley's poetry is buoyant with hope. The latter, in the poem just quoted, distinctly avers that he has no hope:

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found.

Theirs is a poetry that seems to terminate with the present world; it does not look beyond the grave to the fruition of an eternal happiness and a glorified immortality. Their poetry lacks spirituality. In fact, neither poet was a spiritual teacher as Tennyson or Wordsworth, or even as Virgil, with certain qualifications, was; and so neither had any spiritual message to his time as these latter poets had. The explanation of this fact is not far to seek. Catullus' creed, if he can be said to have had a creed, did not of course recognize a spiritual life; and Shelley, it is well known, rejected "the consolatory revelation which tells us that we are spiritual beings and have a spiritual source of life." Their poetry is, therefore, not divinely inspired, though inspired it is. But it is an inspiration that has no spiritual element, an inspiration that does not appeal to the highest and noblest emotions that stir the soul and link man with divinity itself.

But however we may censure the lack or absence of the spiritual in the poetry of Catullus and Shelley, we must admire their glowing passion, their frankness, their simplicity, and their spontaneity. Their poetry reflects every emotion of joy or sorrow that touched their hearts, and their *naïveté* is exceedingly refreshing. They seemed to wear their hearts on their sleeves and made no effort at concealment. Indeed, Catullus was too frank, certainly, for modern tastes; and even in his own day, if he had consulted his own interest, he would have suppressed here and there coarse and unworthy passages which mar the beauty of several of his otherwise exquisite lyrics.

But, after all, the poetry of both the English and the Roman singer, if the now celebrated dictum of Matthew Arnold be applied, will alike be found wanting. It is lacking in the "criticism of life," in the broadest sense of that phrase. They both alike offer a "criticism of life," it is true, and Shelley's work brings in a rather severe indictment, but they do not touch life at many points, and there are certain phases of it which neither touches at all. Their range is somewhat narrow and limited. Their poetry appeals directly and chiefly to the young only. It is not addressed to the hearts of the more mature, who can look back upon life from the vantage ground of ripe years. Burning passion, sustained beauty, simplicity, and *verve*, the recognized qualities of poetry of the first water—all these their poetry possesses in a marked degree. But it does not prove satisfying to the heart in all the stages of life, nor to all classes of society. It lacks breadth of sympathy, and lacking this it does not lay hold upon all hearts. It has a perennial charm, but chiefly for the young only. Over these its spell is complete. But for those on the shady side of life it often quite fails to produce the illusion. That stage of life the poets themselves never experienced, for nature never destined their suns to cross the dial of life ere death claimed them. Their poetry, therefore, as some critic has said, shows the limitations of youth, shows what youth can do and what youth cannot do, even though it be coupled with

genius. The mission, then, of these two youthful poets, the passionate Catullus and the ethereal Shelley, so far removed from each other in point of time, but so near in sympathies and tastes, in the glowing ardor of their temperaments, in their susceptibility to the beautiful, in the spontaneous outburst of their emotions, and in their perfect frankness and simplicity withal, was primarily to the young, to teach them, in the phrase of Wordsworth, if not to see and think, at least to feel.

EDWIN W. BOWEN.

COSMOPOLITANISM AND PARTISANSHIP.¹

ONE hundred years ago, lacking a few months, George Washington lay dead at Mt. Vernon. As fast and far as the news could travel spread the grief of the people whose independence he had won and for whose national life he had stood sponsor. But it was not America alone that lamented his loss. In France Napoleon's triumphal ceremonies in honor of his Egyptian campaign were shadowed by services commemorative of the greater deeds of the noble American, while the channel fleet of Great Britain lowered in his honor the very flag he had fought against a quarter of a century before. Throughout the whole civilized world mourning and eulogy were the order of the hour, and when years later the nations were asked to contribute votive stones to his memorial shaft, they responded in a way that proved that he was still first, not merely in the hearts of his fellow-citizens, but in what the poet has called "the general heart of men."²

Just a year ago the greatest English statesman since Pitt, William Ewart Gladstone, went to his grave lamented almost as much by Italians and Bulgarians as by Englishmen and Americans.³ As with Washington, the whole civilized world honored itself by honoring his memory. A few months later the founder of modern Germany, the most potent historical character since Napoleon, Prince Bismarck, passed to his reward. He was eulogized in the Fatherland and made the subject of much discussion throughout the world, but he was not mourned as Washington and Gladstone had been. Why was this?

¹ An address delivered before the Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, May 24, 1899.

² See the introduction to Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's admirable "Washington" in the series of "American Statesmen."

³ See the fine tribute by Signor Luigi Luzzatti, Gladstone's successor in the Institute of France, in the *Nuova Antologia* for April 16, 1899. This answer to Mr. Gladstone's critics ought to be translated and given wide circulation, but it seems shameful that the duty of making it should have devolved on a foreigner.

The answer is simple. With all his greatness, Bismarck had not been a genuine servant of humanity. He had served Germany, but in so far as he had served the world he had done it indirectly. Washington and Gladstone had spent their lives for their countries; but they had also served the race, and every man, woman, and child knew that they would have cut off their right hands rather than promote the selfish aggrandizement of the nations they ruled. Of them no poet could say, as Goldsmith said of Burke—that they gave up to party what was meant for mankind. They were cosmopolitan statesmen of the highest type, and as the years go by their names will shine with an ever-increasing luster.

There is nothing surprising in this. In every sphere of thought and action the world, bent upon self-preservation, has reserved its highest honors, not for the men who have served well a tribe, a class, a country, but for the men who have served the race. Gladstone, for example, is honored, but Palmerston is not. Plastic art and science, serving, as they do, all men whatsoever, give their supremely successful devotees reputations that are practically universal; but politics and trade and war do not except for special reasons. The generals and statesmen who won territory for us from Mexico are scarcely known beyond our own borders; but Lincoln, who freed the slaves, and Lee, who showed that a man can be a consummate soldier and a spotless Christian combined, have gained world-wide fame because over and above serving their own people they also served humanity. So it has always been, and so it will always be. The individual man may even fall far below the moral standard in his normal life; but if he serve the world splendidly once, he will win immortality. All of us have heard of John Sobieski, who so gloriously repulsed the Turks from the walls of Vienna in 1683; but if he had not performed that one noble exploit, how many of us would remember him as a Polish king or would be sorry to learn that, although a hero, he was not above a sensuality shocking to our modern notions.

But to bring this matter nearer home to us, let us ask ourselves what American now living would in his death cause

such universal grief to the nations as Washington aroused a century ago? Or if this question be deemed unfair, let us ask what American's death would be mourned by the world at large in such a way as to thrill us with pride at the thought that we should be that man's fellow-citizens? I mean this question to be personal of course—to apply to the class of educated men to which you and I belong. I suppose the death of the present heavy-weight champion might produce an effect upon the sporting world that would seem cosmopolitan to his admirers, I dare say that a Tammany brave would think that the sun had stood still in the heavens should Mr. Richard Croker be gathered to his foreign ancestors; but the sport and the municipal politician are outside our ken for the nonce, and I wish to press my question home to you and your peers. What living American is worthy of the entire world's admiring love? What living American transcends his country's bounds and is a sure heir of fame?

If you will let me answer for you, I must reply very simply: There is none. We have excellent writers, artists, scholars, and scientists among us, but none in the first rank. The death of any one of them would be the subject of cable dispatches, of editorials, of biographical articles, but not of worldwide mourning. It is even doubtful whether the death of any Anglo-Saxon belonging to any of our enumerated categories would be a thoroughly cosmopolitan event. Mr. Kipling would not have been exactly mourned in France had his career been cut short; but you may prepare yourselves for a practically universal outburst of regret among lovers of their kind when—*ab sít omen*—that noble writer but nobler philanthropist, Count Tolstoi, ceases his labors for God and fellow-man. The people who will not mourn for Count Tolstoi will be only those who do not know of or comprehend him and his work.

But is the case any better when we come to our men of action—our statesmen, our soldiers, our sailors, our explorers? Perhaps, to take the last class first, if Mr. Stanley had continued his work, we should have been able to avoid a negative answer; but as it is, the case seems to be quite as bad as with the men of thought. I suppose that most people would

agree that Admiral Dewey is our greatest living man of action; but while the news of his death—which Providence postpone—would be received with genuine regret in all parts of the world, I can scarcely believe that there would be any poignant sense of personal loss felt outside the Anglo-Saxon commonwealths. The victor of Manila served his country nobly under instructions, but it remains to be proved whether those instructions should ever have been given him, or whether the United States and the world at large will not suffer in consequence of his victory. It is quite true that the annals of naval warfare have been superbly illustrated by him, and that in his person a fine, strong character has been added to the list of Anglo-Saxon heroes, but a broader basis than this is required for the poignant personal grief that in all lands attended the death of Mr. Gladstone.

But if Dewey's name will not furnish us with an affirmative answer to our question, whose will? I am aware that an ex-Secretary of State has recently coupled the name of our present Chief Magistrate with that of Washington, but I fear that many of us are more inclined just now to couple it with far less savory ones. The privations of Valley Forge were of one kind; the privations of the Santiago campaign were of quite another. But personalities are not to my taste any more than they doubtless are to yours, and I think that on this academic occasion at least we can afford to forget the names of the political and military celebrities with which the newspapers and magazines have been satiating us of late. None of these celebrities rises to really cosmopolitan heroic stature except to people who use the magnifying glasses of sensationalism, and our main concern must now be to endeavor to determine whether there are any features of our national life inimical to our developing truly great men in our midst, or whether our comparative want of them at the present crisis is mainly accidental.

I may as well say at once that I do not believe that our lack of truly great men of cosmopolitan rank is accidental, but I must also say that I do not believe that there are any features of our national life permanently inimical to our pro-

ducing them. The conditions I am about to describe and discuss are, so far as I can now see, transitory and avoidable, otherwise I should not waste your time and mine by dealing with them. I am not an optimist, but on the other hand I am not enough of a pessimist to be able to shut my eyes to certain very encouraging phases of our national character. I do not believe that there is a more honest people in the world than the American; a belief which is confirmed by the fact that great stores doing a mail business all over the country calculate to lose only a trifling percentage of their sales. I do not believe that there is a more cheerful people or one more ready to make sacrifices for whatever appears to be the public good. I do not believe that there is a more sympathetic people or on the other hand one more capable of facing unpleasant facts when their optimistic tendency to see things in a rosy light is once conquered. Finally, I do not believe that there is any people that has a more comfortable environment than we have, whether through the bounty of nature or the labors of past generations, or that has in consequence more reason to be self-reliant and hopeful and energetic, short of recklessness and ignorant conceit.

In the above enumeration of our advantages stress has been laid on our qualities of heart and will and on the comfortable environment in which we find ourselves as compared with the nations of the old world, but nothing has been said about our intelligences and the way we use them. Thus it is quite apparent that an ample field is left for unflattering criticism. A people that does not on the whole act wisely and soberly may belie its fine qualities of heart and squander every advantage of a material sort bestowed upon it by kindly Nature and by provident progenitors.

But are we not notoriously the most quick-witted and shrewd people under the sun; how then can our possession of intelligence be questioned? I suppose no one would venture to assert that in average intellectual power the American people is inferior to any; but, just as in the case of the currency, we must always consider circulation or use as well as mass or volume. In the mass our intellectual power is im-

mense, and as applied in the channels of trade and of practical utilities in general has given us a commanding position among the nations and aided the general progress of the world from a material point of view. Foreign fear of American competition is a sufficient proof of our high average of intelligence, and may spare us from adducing educational statistics. Nor is the case different when we turn to scholarship and science, and even to the fine arts, except in their highest reaches. American scholars and scientists fairly hold their own now with all rivals, and American writers and artists have at least won creditable recognition. Whether as a race we are as artistic as the Italians or the French, or even as the English, whether we are endowed with deep and original imaginative power; whether, in other words, we are destined to become the Greeks as well as the Romans of the new world—is of course another matter, and one on which it is hardly worth while to hazard an opinion. It must be remembered, however, that a people can be intellectually great without having the highest artistic endowment.

But the practical, the scholarly, the artistic pursuits do not exhaust the life of man; his family, his social, and his religious relations, and the way he uses his intelligence with respect to them, are matters of greater importance. How does the American people stand the test from these points of view? I suppose that few will doubt that American family life on the whole stands comparison well with that of any other nation. Perhaps we give our children too much liberty, but to compensate we give our wives and mothers more liberty and more chivalrous devotion than most peoples do. Perhaps we lay too much stress on the merely physical comforts of life, but the ambition to acquire these is often a wholesome stimulus, and after all we are freer from cramping social restrictions than most other nations. I conclude, therefore, that, so far as our private relations are concerned, we use our intelligences as well as any other people does.

With regard to religious matters the same thing may obviously be said. We are on the whole a God-fearing people. Our Churches are strong, and their zeal for the propagation

of their respective forms of faith is conspicuous. Religious energy is probably wasted through the multiplicity of denominations, but even the most zealous Roman Catholic in our midst would not find his spiritual life benefited if he were to take up his abode in Italy or Spain, where his Church has no rivals. I am, of course, far from saying that the American applies his intelligence sufficiently to the spiritual side of life, but who does?

Thus far I have certainly said little with which a hearty optimist could not agree, but I have not considered our use of what may be called for short our social intelligence, under which I include our intelligence as exercised upon matters pertaining to government. Here, if anywhere, it seems to me, the American people has made its nearest approach to folly, its nearest approach to belying its good qualities of heart and will and to squandering its immense resources. Here, if anywhere, are to be found the reasons why there is not a single American living to-day who reaches true cosmopolitan greatness of the highest order.

But rash man that I am, what am I saying? Is not this the country of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, the home of Democracy, the great, the ideal Republic? Is not this the land that gave the Declaration, the Constitution, the "Federalist," to the world, and that has witnessed with pride the spread of democratic principles in nearly every nation? Do we not still believe in and fairly practice the doctrine of equality of justice and of opportunity, do we not still celebrate the Fourth of July, have we not just spent blood and money in what we believed, rightly or wrongly, to be the cause of human freedom? Do we not quote the wise words of our Founders on every occasion, and do we not even celebrate the birthday of Jefferson with dinners whether at ten dollars or one dollar a plate? What folly is this to declare that in matters pertaining to government, of all things, the American intelligence is not above criticism!

This seems to be the attitude of mind of many perfervid Americans toward all critics of our politics; but, while it is a natural attitude, I fear that it cannot be justified. A cen-

tury ago America did indeed, to use the noble phrase of Milton, take precedence in teaching the nations how to live, but it would seem that in a political sense she no longer does so. Foreigners might study a hundred of our great commercial or manufacturing enterprises with profit, but they have little or nothing good to learn from us in the art of governing great cities or States. They have learned that we can fight, and that we will tolerate no foreign interference with the affairs of the American continent, but the history of our general government for the last quarter of a century can hardly have given them many profitable ideas. Our frequent elections and consequent turmoils, the state of our civil service even after years of reform, our choice of members of the Upper House of Congress and our methods of choosing them, our inability or unwillingness to cope with the lobby, our blundering experiments with the tariff, our barbarous methods of annoying travelers, our abortive attempts to make use of an income tax, our perennially clumsy modes of borrowing money, our antics with regard to the currency, our failure to understand and control trusts and combinations, our toleration of express, telegraph, and other such private monopolies, our injudicious treatment, to put it mildly, of the Indian and the negro, our abortive efforts to prevent the entrance and spread within our borders of contagious diseases, our enforced toleration of the abuses of mob law throughout the Union, our farcical attempt to equip and provide a by no means huge army for a very short campaign—from these and a dozen other similar things, what has any foreign nation to learn that can be profitable, except as a warning and deterrent?

A century or more ago the case was quite different. Then the world was not anxious to learn from us—indeed, it watched our experiment with envy and the hope that we should fail. But ere long democracy prevailed in France, in spite of all counter-revolutions, the Reform Bill settled the trend of English politics, liberal opinions made themselves felt in Germany and Italy, and even in Spain, and finally the most determined foes of democratic government had to

admit that, in the main, its successes had been conspicuous and its effects not disastrous. At the present moment it has little or nothing to fear from aristocratic or monarchical reactions, but only from its own child, socialism.

In this triumph of democracy America has played a most important part. Our institutions have not been slavishly copied, but our successful experiment in popular government has inspired those liberal statesmen by whom reforms have been carried out in other lands. The great mass of the people everywhere have been our friends, and when our Union was in danger, it was fear of the people that kept aristocratic statesmen from profiting from our dissensions. But when union was assured and when a great era of prosperity ensued for three-fourths of the country—when, in other words, we had stood the test of adversity and were subjected to the harder trial of success—a great change took place in our cosmopolitan relations. We soon ceased to teach positive, and began to teach negative lessons. We developed the boss system, the pension scandal. The purity of our elections declined, and we had to look abroad for remedies. Our copyright laws, our postal, express, and telegraph regulations were left far below the enlightened standard set us by Europe, and it soon became apparent to thoughtful men that if we could still teach the world many lessons in manufacturing and trade and in the art of comfortable living, the higher lessons of government, whether municipal, State, or national, were now to be learned by us rather than taught.

I do not think that I have stated the case too strongly. If you feel that I have, I must ask you to examine closely the best economic and political literature of the past twenty years, to see if a majority of the reforms urged by our chief thinkers—in whose hands, you must remember, the making of future generations mainly lies—are not in general based on the experience of foreign countries. Germany, France, and Great Britain are continually called upon to teach us how to grapple with monopolies, how to govern our great cities properly, how to secure decent public service. As population crowds upon means of subsistence, we naturally

turn to countries that have had a similar experience, and our practice in this respect might conceivably be cited as a proof of our good sense. But it is to be noted that it is mainly our students who have thus looked abroad, and that they have been harshly criticised for such an un-American proceeding. It is to be observed, further, that many of our difficulties are chiefly of our own making—such as the boss system and the pension scandal—and that, while honest efforts are from time to time made to throw them off, little permanent success has been achieved. Moreover, there have not been wanting competent critics who have subjected the machinery of our government to rigorous analysis, and found it defective in many respects. They have pointed out the fact that we are not governed by a great bicameral deliberative body, but by small groups of men forming committees. They have called attention to the vastly augmented power of the Speaker of the House. They have regretted the absence of ministerial influence upon Congress, and the consequent gulf that separates the heads of executive departments from the legislature that votes supplies.¹ In short, the federal judiciary is almost the only department of government that has emerged practically unscathed from the analysis of the critics, and it is interesting to observe that this is precisely the department against which a great political party has directed its urgent protests. This fact reveals the natural chasm that nearly always lies between expert and uninformed opinion. I would not, however, have you think that I believe expert opinion to be always right. I value it highly, as every man who is not foolish must do, but, as a matter of fact, I do not believe that all the defects in our governmental machinery pointed out by the critics

¹ See in this connection Prof. Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government," Mr. Godkin's "Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy," Prof. Hyslop's "Democracy," and Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's "The Lesson of Popular Government." See also the files of the *Nation*, in which Mr. Godkin and Mr. Bradford have expressed themselves with a frankness which has been ill repaid by abuse or by speciously *ad captandum* appeals to the worst of our American vices—it is no longer a foible as it was in the days of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens—our overweening national conceit.

are real defects, or, at any rate, permanent ones. There are enough real defects, nevertheless, to shut the mouths of our blatant patriots, if anything short of the fiat of an outraged God could shut them.

But why is it that an intelligent and prosperous people like ourselves has either failed to use properly an excellent form of government, or else has failed to adapt a once satisfactory form of government to new needs and conditions? However much we may dislike to own the fact, one of these two failures is justly chargeable to us. After making all allowances for the hostile criticism which, as history teaches us, the sophisticated classes of each generation are almost certain to urge against the government of their day, we find certain discreditable facts about our present political situation that cannot be explained except on the supposition that we do not use our governmental machinery properly, or else that it is unequal to the strain now normally put upon it. For example, we have obviously connected our municipal governments and our State governments with the two dominant parties formed for national purposes, and have thus succeeded in saddling ourselves with local administrations that are often notoriously corrupt. We have also proved that we are afraid of our State legislatures by limiting their powers in every conceivable way through constitutional restrictions, as well as by decreasing their opportunities to come together and pass bad or absurd laws. When a legislature adjourns without doing mischief there is a sigh of relief throughout the State. On the other hand, the history of Tammany Hall, and of ring rule in Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, New Orleans, and other cities, shows how bosses have learned to work the political affiliations of the better citizens and the political ignorance of the lower classes into a system of corrupt personal government which they brazenly describe before investigating committees, and which no movement for reform has yet been able seriously to disturb. No other proof is needed to show that we are either working our machinery badly, or that it is inadequate in certain most important respects.

That the same thing is true of the general government is equally susceptible of proof. We are continually electing Presidents and Congressmen under more or less specific instructions to do certain things, only to find them fall to loggerheads and leave their requisite work undone. We have silently allowed the House of Representatives to become in the main a mere voting machine and the Senate to become a millionaire's club. We and these so-called representatives of ours have just permitted the President to develop powers not dreamed of by the Constitution over millions of people alien to us by blood and training. We do not know what our rulers are going to do, and, what is worse, we too frequently show by our actions that we do not care. Only a few of us, comparatively speaking, have taken the trouble to protest that, whatever may be the rules of international law on the subject, it is immoral, at the end of this nineteenth century, for a Christian nation to buy and sell or assume forcible control of any people not plainly endangering through their barbarism the peace of Christendom, much less any people capable of fighting for their independence and their liberties. Yet this un-American and immoral action has been committed on grounds that would have appealed strongly to George III. and his ministers by the general government of these erstwhile revolted United States, apparently with the acquiescence of the American people, who are by courtesy regarded as the source of all power and authority. If we are indeed sovereign, we make but a sorry use of our powers; if we are not, then we surely need a new "Federalist" to expound to us the character of the government under which we propose to enter upon the new century that is about to dawn.

But granting that we do not govern ourselves to the best advantage, let us endeavor to determine in a broad way why this is so. We are not an incapable or a dishonest people; nor are our representatives, however far they may fall below the standard set by Washington and Gladstone, incapable or dishonest men in the mass. It is not likely, therefore, that we are misgoverned because we are intellectually unfit to use political machinery which our fathers used with success, or

because we are too immoral to care to take the trouble to use it properly. Our fathers had their difficulties and could settle one important question only by an appeal to arms. It seems to me quite idle to suppose that with all our political mismanagement we are going to come to such a pass as that, unless our intelligence and our morals are far inferior to what I think them to be. And yet, as I survey the immediate past and the present, and endeavor in the light of my modest historical studies to forecast the future, I cannot help perceiving the turmoil I have pointed out to you, nor can I shut my eyes to the disastrous consequences that must ensue should we not realize our situation and adapt ourselves to it.

Yes, adapt ourselves. In our failure to do this for some years past lies, I think, the real cause of our present difficulties. We are as honest and as capable a people as we ever were—nay, we are more honest and capable—but the world we inhabit is a very different one from that in which our fathers lived, and I do not think that we have recognized this fact in its political relations so thoroughly as we have done in its commercial relations. Our business men, for example, have adapted or are adapting every form of manufacturing or commercial enterprise to the needs of a world brought into a compact shape by means of steam and electricity and affording markets not dreamed of a century ago. The great economic principles of combination and division of labor have been pushed almost to their limits, with the result that the comforts of life have been multiplied indefinitely and placed within the reach of all. Yet the political relations of this world-wide economic phenomenon, which is the inevitable result of modern invention and enterprise, have not been grasped by our people or their leaders, and we have looked on helplessly at a selfish and corrupt use made of their wealth by many capitalists who recognize neither the dignity of man nor the justice of God. We have seen the tariff iniquitously used in the interest of individuals; we have seen employers coerce the political actions of their employees; we have seen successful attempts to bribe men sitting in the very chambers where Webster and Calhoun and Clay once sat. We have seen

these things and realized that much was wrong with us, but have failed utterly to grasp the situation. If our business men had failed as egregiously to adapt themselves to the changing commercial and manufacturing conditions of the past fifty years as we, the people at large, have failed to adapt ourselves to the changing political conditions of the same period, we should be a bankrupt nation to-day.

We have, of course, made efforts to mend things; but the efforts are almost as distressing to contemplate as the state of things that calls them forth. We elected a President on the distinct understanding that he was to endeavor to reform the tariff, but the representatives of the people tied his hands and rendered his administration abortive. We elected his successor to reform the currency, but he gave us a foreign war of questionable utility and morality and an imperial policy instead. Our greatest city tried a reform administration a few years since, and then quietly permitted the two opposing bosses to make a bargain which handed over the municipal management to one of them. We appointed a commission to superintend interstate commerce, but it has been unable to cope with the problem except with the consent of the railroads. Worst of all, we permitted ourselves to conduct a recent campaign on an issue that not one voter out of a thousand could discuss intelligently, and we allowed a millionaire without the least training as a statesman to force upon us one candidate for the presidency, while we let a successful speech determine our partial support of another. Certainly the future historian who shall undertake to describe our struggles toward the light will find the element of sublimity entirely wanting to his narrative, although it will not lack elements of the pathetic and the ludicrous.

But in what particular point or points have we most failed to adapt our political machinery to the new conditions? To judge from some recent acute criticisms of democratic government, especially as practiced in this country, it would seem that we have many reforms to make. We need a permanent official class in subordinate administrative positions, whether national, State, or local, and many officers now

elected should be appointed, especially State judges. We need also commissions on banking and currency, taxation and revenues, appropriations and internal improvements, labor problems, and the like, in order that Congress and the State legislatures may be relieved of work they cannot well do and that the electorate may be freed from the responsibility of voting upon matters which it cannot comprehend and could not even under the most favorable educational conditions. We need also courts or boards of confirmation to office and of impeachment and removal. Finally, for it is idle to try to exhaust the suggestions that have been made, we need some differentiation of the suffrage.¹

The above enumeration shows that the critics think that we have gone too fast in our application of democratic principles, and that we have extended the suffrage too widely with respect both to those who exercise it and to the subjects upon which it is exercised. They think also that we have bungled in our distribution of functions to two of the great branches of government, the executive and the legislative. To put it concretely, the President should have more to do and Congress less to talk about.

I have not time to expound or defend these criticisms which will doubtless seem to many to be too radical and almost unpatriotic. The latter charge is really not worth attending to at a time when mere noisy obstreperousness passes for one of the greatest of the virtues. I say "one of the greatest" advisedly, for, however much we may honor genuine patriotism apart from screaming, we must honor truth more. A due regard for truth and a fair power of candid observation will, I fancy, convince most of us that, instead of being too radical, the criticisms passed of late upon our political methods are not radical enough. I am here playing somewhat upon words, for what I mean to say is that these criticisms and these suggested reforms do not seem to go to the root or bottom of our troubles. The criticisms are apt, the reforms are needed, but it may be doubted whether many people have yet succeeded in thor-

¹See Prof. Hyslop's very able monograph entitled "Democracy."

oughly analyzing our situation and in thus laying bare to all men not only the need of reforms but also the logical trend they ought to take. I am not, of course, competent to making such analysis myself, nor would the end of an address be the best place to make it; but I cannot forbear venturing upon some hints that may start you to analyzing on your own account. We have just seen that in general terms our political condition may be said to be unsatisfactory because we have failed to adapt our political machinery to the changed world in which we live. But we may go farther and say that the machinery of our government, as outlined by our various constitutions, though not perfect, is sufficiently good for our purposes, so far as it goes, and could be easily increased or adapted, and that the nature and source of the motive power by which we run it—to wit, the consent of the people—may fairly be considered both adequate and satisfactory. In other words, I believe still in the government established by our fathers and in the principles of pure democracy, which are as eternal and true as Nature herself. What I most deprecate about our present government is what I may describe as the gearing of the machine—the way in which motive power is transmitted from the people to those who administer affairs. This obviously means that I deprecate the present two-party system.¹

You will remember that the Federal Constitution made no provision for parties, and that Washington endeavored in vain to govern without them. You will also recall the fact that nearly all English and American writers upon politics have praised the two-party system—have almost assumed that effective constitutional government cannot exist without it. Yet the complaint has been heard of late that it is failing even in England, the place of its birth. That acute observer and student of politics, Mr. Goldwin Smith, recently bemoaned the passing of the system, and we shall doubtless hear more such laments in the future. For my own part I

¹ It need hardly be said that, much as I value Mr. Bradford's new book, I do not agree with much that he says about parties, especially in Chapter XXI.

have little doubt that the two-party system is becoming decrepit, and I confess to feeling no regret whatever at the fact. It seems to me that it has long been working badly, and that in our own case it has set our administrative machinery awry, with results that have been already described.

Nor am I in the least surprised at this. The party system had its origin in England at the end of the seventeenth century, when political questions were paramount. It has served excellently as a means of gathering liberals into one group and conservatives into another, with the result that reforms have been carried without the violent intervention of revolutions, and have been delayed until they could approve themselves to the better elements of the country. Her two great parties have done much to keep England's history from being a repetition of that of France. Our party system secured the working of the Constitution in the perilous early years of the Republic and insured, in the first half of this century, the spread of an effective, not a merely theoretical, form of democracy. It also helped to focus sentiment on the socio-political question of slavery; and thus hastened, though it could not alone accomplish, the solution of the greatest problem that has confronted us.

But political questions properly speaking—that is, questions about forms of government, popular liberty and the like—are susceptible in general of a twofold manipulation, so to speak. For example, a man may vote for a measure which does not receive his entire approval, but which on the whole sets him one step nearer his ideal, be it of a progressive or of a reactionary character. He can ally himself with the liberal or the conservative party and can often conscientiously vote with it all his life without entirely abandoning his principles. Can a man do this in America to-day?

I answer "No." Political questions in any true sense of the term play little part among us now. The last great political question that confronted us was settled by war a generation ago. From Maine to Texas there is a practical unanimity, regardless of party, about the cardinal principles of democratic government. The questions that confront us are

social and economic. It is true that in the South there is a socio-political question concerning the suffrage, but this, we trust, is being settled, and when it is settled we shall be in line with the rest of the country. This will mean that we shall not be able consistently to act with either of two great parties, because our class and economic interests cannot easily be grouped in one of two ways—certainly not with the maximum of advantage.

Our interests will be those of the group of men whose circumstances are similar to our own. We shall find it necessary to draw close to these men that we may protect our common interests. Already our agriculturists and our laboring men have organized into groups which, while they have not been able successfully to cope with the major parties as yet, are surely, if slowly, disintegrating them. Other groups will be formed in time—indeed, exist to-day—for the capitalists work together, and so do the members of the liberal professions, even though the latter call themselves Independents and lack coherent organization. Such would be the course of our political development in all probability, even if things were working smoothly to-day, but the present confused state of politics will inevitably hasten the consummation described. Our two great parties, having no logical basis of division, have naturally floundered frightfully, and have cast about blindly for some plank in the shape of an effective issue that would float them. Thus it is that they have deluded the people into voting on questions of the currency, which ought to be handled by experts alone, and thus it is that they have dragooned many voters into supporting tariffs, pensions, and other such abuses in which they had no positive interest. The result has been that an intelligent man can scarcely cast a vote to-day in this country without violating a principle or supporting a cause he reprobates. He votes against the free coinage of silver, and, behold, at the same time he votes knowingly for the imposition of a vexatious and unscientific tariff, and unknowingly for a foreign war and an imperial policy. If you believe that intelligent Americans are going to do this long,

you have less respect for their ability and honesty than I have; while if you believe that our great parties can be reformed, you have less respect for logic than I have. There is, I beg to repeat, no logical reason for the continuance of the two-party system in a nation confronted by social and economic problems. There is, however, every reason why a persistence in the two-party system in the face of such problems should produce not only confusion, but corruption of all kinds. Men do not usually have to be bribed to support the obvious interests of the class to which they belong; but unfortunately they do have to be bribed, in one way or another, if they are to be induced to support measures in a mongrel party platform that do not particularly appeal to them. But with confusion and corruption reigning, what wonder that the will of the people is often disregarded, that bosses arise and flourish, that the tools they put in office are weak or vicious men, that in a word the governmental machinery that sufficed for our fathers is not well handled and increased to suit our needs, but is rapidly becoming useless and worse than useless for us!

I would not, of course, have you believe that I think that by pointing out the present inefficacy of the two-party system, and by indicating the inevitable adoption of the group system with all the strengthening of the executive proper and the increase of permanent officials that it implies, I have explained the cause of all our present evils or pointed out a sure road to prosperity. I am well aware that I have done nothing of the kind, but I think that if what I have said be in great part true, I have given the chief reason for our political decline and for our consequent failure to produce truly great men. For truly great men of action cannot flourish in a régime of compromise, of corruption, of national floundering. In such a régime able men either betake themselves to professions which, while honorable, do not afford them an opportunity to unfold their full genius on a national or a cosmopolitan scale, or else they struggle hopelessly in the political whirlpool, and are finally only too glad to be tossed out as Mr. Cleveland was, or to be able to

extricate themselves as Mr. Reed has just done. Nor can great men of thought reach their full stature in such a régime, for politics inevitably react upon life and character, whether one is a politician or not, and a petty or confused national life sets limits upon art and literature, if not upon all other mental activities.

But even if we succeed at some future day in purifying our politics, and in thus so far elevating our national life, we shall not have solved all our problems or done our full duty. The group system is more complex than the two-party system and requires more skillful handling, and the lesson taught by the lives of Washington and Gladstone will still be ours to learn and to teach to our children. Beyond and above the nation lies the race, and he alone is truly great in the highest sense who, doing his duty to family, town, State, section, and nation as father and citizen, does also his duty to the world as man. If we content ourselves with being great New Yorkers or Carolinians, great Southerners, or even great Americans, we shall not be so very great after all. It should be also our ambition to be great men. I would not give a fig for the future fame of that man who can find his highest ideal summed up in the maxim: "My country, right or wrong." Our country and our flag should be sacred to us, whether in prosperity or in adversity, but the human race with its civilization is the most sacred thing under heaven, and we are not good citizens if we do not strive to make our country serve in its every action the interests of the entire race. Mere increase of population and wealth, mere advance of the national flag, never yet were indubitable signs of a nation's glory. The truly glorious nations are those that have splendidly served the race, that have been characterized, consciously or unconsciously, by true cosmopolitanism. I need hardly say, of course, that by true cosmopolitanism I do not mean any form of the so-called cosmopolitanism that has afflicted a small portion of our population, that has rendered them unsympathetic with their countrymen, and has driven them to spend their lives abroad. With the exception, perhaps, of a few people of

artistic temperaments, these pseudo-cosmopolitans are not persons any of us need care to imitate. We shall do our duty to the race, and so prove ourselves to be true cosmopolitans all the better, by doing our intimate, our local, our national duties to the best of our abilities in the land of our birth. Shakspere is not a whit less cosmopolitan because he was a thoroughgoing Englishman of the Elizabethan period.

But this address is growing long, and, although I should like to try to meet fully the protests, or else the wails, sure to be aroused by any predictions with regard to the ultimate triumph of the group system, I must come to a speedy if abrupt conclusion. I may, however, be perhaps allowed to say that I think that the group system will be found to harmonize better than the two-party system with the semi-socialism which is slowly but surely revealing itself as the dominating governmental force of the future. Semi-socialism implies the same strong executive head, the same powerful chiefs of departments, the same permanent commissions and courts and boards, and finally the same criticising and restraining legislature or Congress, strong only in a negative way through the proportional power of each group to be placated or through the combined power of two or more groups joined to resist an unjust and unwise measure, as are implied by the group system as it is understood to-day. It is to be observed, further, that neither semi-socialism nor the group system can be in reality subversive of the ultimate authority of the people, if the people is alert and vigorous. The socialism of the future may prove dangerous, and the group system as it exists in France and Germany to-day may actually lead to confusion, but in neither case should we blame the governmental system before examining how far the people has done its duty. Hence I have little sympathy with those conscientious Americans who tell us that they are party men and continue such in spite of the iniquities of their party, because they believe party government to be better than a confused group system. There is no inherent reason why the group system should introduce confusion, in spite of its

complexity. We have adapted ourselves to the complexities of modern trade and commerce; why should we not to the complexities of modern government? It is certain, on the other hand, that the man who remains inside a party some of whose actions he despises countenances wrongdoing, and in so far loses in moral character and moral influence. It is certain, also, that if all good, true men would not only withdraw from corrupt parties, but denounce them, the glamour which has already begun to vanish from politics would completely depart, and we should all see—what some of us now see—that with the practical settling of theological and strictly political questions, with the lessening of dynastic and territorial incentives to war, in other words with the changed nature of diplomacy, the art of government has become more and more businesslike in its character and requires the same sort of men to practice it as those to whom we intrust our railroads and all the other complex instrumentalities and institutions of modern life. To take the glamour out of politics should therefore be the aim of all intelligent people. We should want our rulers to be men versed in the business of government, and should give them only their just proportion of praise. It is really ridiculous to escort with torchlight processions men whose work is fortunately beginning to call for talents by no means exceptional. But when semi-socialism or the group system comes, we shall see plainly what the two-party system has more or less hidden from us, that politics is nowadays by no means the half-divine calling we have been taught to believe it. The result will to my thinking be almost pure gain.

And now, in conclusion, the main points I have tried to make in this address are just two in number. The first is the fact that the highest and truest fame must always rest upon a broad basis of sympathy with the entire race—that is, upon cosmopolitanism rightly understood. In the recent outpouring of the national spirit consequent upon our war with Spain this fact has been more or less lost sight of, if I may judge from the tone of the newspapers and of many public utterances. Men have been extravagantly praised who de-

served nothing more than grateful national recognition, and war and foreign domination, which are inimical to the sublime conception of the brotherhood of man, have been held up to our young men as the safeguards of our virtues and the proof of our strength. Against all such ideas, although they are urged by voices more potent than mine, I wish to raise my earnest protest. The manly virtues of Americans are safe enough in the hands of the thousands of our citizens who have charge of the welfare of others on our railways and our steamships, or who lead lives of hardship and toil to subdue the earth and improve the condition of generations still unborn. It is safe enough in the hands of the men who have had sufficient moral courage to oppose what they believed to be a rash abandonment of the principles of the Republic; men who have been denounced as traitors, but not a hair of whose heads would any person in authority dare to hurt. In the hands of such men our honor is perfectly safe, and it is the wildest folly to think that it would be safer in the hands of those who consider war a blessing and peace ignoble.

The second point I want to make is that the political condition of our country demands the serious attention of every citizen, especially of you younger men who are soon going to take up your life work. It demands all your analyzing power. I do not ask you to accept my analysis of the situation, I do not ask you to agree with me on any single point that I have made; but I do ask you to think hard for yourselves. Only by such thinking on the part of the generation to which you belong can our dear country be raised from the political slough into which it has fallen. If you fail or refuse to see that it is in a slough, then God help us! It may be treasonable, it may be unpatriotic—for queer ideas of loyalty and patriotism seem to be rife to-day—for me to dare to affirm that the country of Washington and Jefferson, of Lincoln and Lee, needs political rehabilitation and that this will not in all likelihood be secured from either of the two great parties now dividing the allegiance of Americans, but I do make the affirmation, because it is the truth as I see it,

and because the truth is the only thing that can make us free. Yet if a majority of you and your peers come deliberately to the same conclusion, I have confidence enough in the youth of America to believe that you will act like intelligent men and inaugurate a reform that will restore our country's prestige. No one need despair of a Republic whose young men possess virtue and intelligence and exercise them with independence.

W. P. TRENT.

REVIEWS.

AN ECONOMIC THEORY OF HISTORY.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH THOUGHT. A study in the Economic Interpretation of History. By Simon N. Patten, Ph. D. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

Whatever Dr. Patten has to say in regard to the science in which he has achieved so enviable a reputation is worthy of the closest attention; and the book before us, the most ambitious work he has yet undertaken, cannot fail to attract more than ordinary attention. To account for human progress, however, by ascribing it in large measure to the efforts of men to obtain the means of gaining a livelihood will no doubt cause serious meditation even on the part of those who have followed unhesitatingly our author's sociological theories, which have from time to time appeared in the printed reports of the Academy of Political and Social Science. Bald materialism like this, notwithstanding the tendency on the part of a certain class of English writers to lay a special stress upon the influence of economic forces, will scarcely be able to satisfy the keen interest men have always manifested in the long and wonderful story of their race. These remarks, however, should determine no one's intention to read or not to read what we can scarcely refrain from calling one of the most interesting volumes we have encountered in many a day.

To illustrate his theory, Dr. Patten has chosen England, whose advantages in this respect are so obvious that but few words are necessary to elucidate the subject. Geographically isolated, England cut herself still farther off from external influences by the Reformation, since which time she has, in spite of a vigorous foreign policy, been but slightly influenced by the great stream of world-wide influences. The small aristocratic circle interested in the problems of diplomacy and the shifting incidents arising from international relations have, to be sure, always watched with keenest

solicitude affairs and events across the Channel; but to the great bulk of the people, absorbed in the cares and strifes of internal matters, the outside world appeals in a very slight manner. An objective study of English life and thought is, therefore, not only possible, but also an extremely easy task. For, impervious to extraneous influences and little affected by governmental agencies, each crop of ideas has, as it were, been indigenous and as such it has sprung up, flowered, and passed away without let or hindrance. Dr. Patten is therefore, inclined to the opinion—and few will perhaps gainsay him—that, if there are such laws governing the evolution of national thought as sociologists would have us believe, England during the past few centuries offers very favorable opportunities for the study of such laws.

Starting with these ideas, our author proceeds to elaborate his theory, which, to quote his own words, is as follows: "Survival is determined and progress created by a struggle for the requisites of which the supply is insufficient. These requisites are the goods for which men strive, or the means by which they may avert evil. A group of such definite objects, upon which the life and happiness of each race depends, always exists. The environment formed by this group of economic objects surrounding and supporting a given race changes with the several objects in which the interests of the race are centered." With the new objects, continues Dr. Patten, come new activities and new requisites for survival. Novel conditions like these, therefore, modify the motives, instincts, and habits of the race, while new habits of thought and action are formed. Institutions, customs, and ideals are thus modified and civilization itself is reconstructed. These changes it is claimed, take place in regular order; and in each environment the series repeats itself. These ideas, enlarged, constitute what is called the economic theory of history.

It is of course a commonplace observation that one type of civilization develops where land is plentiful and water scarce, and another where the converse is true. Nor can it be denied that where any particular commodity is scarce, the thoughts

of men are largely occupied in the problem of satisfying the want thus felt. We think, however, that sufficient stress is not laid on the fact that those who are dissatisfied with their surroundings may, if they possess sufficient ambition, remove to some other point. To our mind, therefore, there is a psychological element in this matter that partially escapes Dr. Patten. On the relative importance of environment and heredity, however, our author speaks out with unusual boldness. He thinks that every change in environment tends to modify the national character, and gives rise to a new epoch in thought. Heredity, on the other hand, gives increased vividness to the sensory ideas and arouses those motor activities necessary to survival.

While it is easy to recognize in every modern society the four classes designated as clingers, sensualists, stalwarts, and mugwumps, it is not always easy to follow Dr. Patten in his illustrations. Nor does he himself unreservedly adhere to the theory he so boldly enunciates; for he recognizes clearly enough that economic conditions do not alone shape national character, but they "give rise to habitual motor reactions," and these may be connected with some new exciting cause. One or two other propositions may be much more readily granted. That every transition, for example, from an old to a new environment develops a new type of man, is a fact too obvious for comment. Dr. Patten contends that economists arise from the new type and philosophers from the old. From this point of view, he recognizes in English thought three epochs. "In the first, Hobbes states the problem of the age without solving it; Locke is the economist on the upward curve; Newton is the thinker on the downward curve. In the second, Mandeville states the problem; Hume is changed from an economist into a philosopher; and Adam Smith, from a philosopher into an economist. The third epoch, beginning with Malthus, ends when Mill is transformed into a philosopher, and Darwin into a biologist."

The space at our command will not admit of the notice this most suggestive book merits, but it may be remarked in concluding that subsequent chapters amplify the ideas already

mentioned. There is an admirable analysis of Calvinism, and an unusually clear picture of the moralists of the last century. Methodism also comes in for a full discussion, and the somewhat novel idea is advanced that, to comprehend the change in English thought marked by the religious movement of that sect, one must unite the work of Wesley and Adam Smith. The latter, in our author's opinion, transformed from morals all principles except that of sympathy, and this Wesley appropriated for his sect. Dr. Patten therefore maintains that Methodism and economics tended to create a non-moral state of mind, which has ever since been a marked characteristic of the English race, in spite of its conscientiousness. Dr. Patten's book is pervaded by a broad religious sentiment which finds frequent expression, but nowhere more forcibly than in these words with which he ends his book: "Not the laws of life, nor of reason, nor of economics, reveal the complete plan on which God works. . . . The narrower field of the old natural religion was due to the emphasis of God as Cause. But God as Life enters into many more relations with men, and his presence is revealed in many more ways. The whole of nature and the whole of man, active as well as passive, can be called upon for evidence of God as Life, and this evidence will contain all the elements that are contained in revealed religion, and will emphasize the same facts, hopes, and possibilities. Natural religion is not merely a religion of knowledge, nor is revealed religion merely a religion of faith. Nor does the one tell merely of a God in nature, and the other of a God incarnate. The principle of incarnation is an essential tendency in all life, and is revealed wherever the higher types come in contact with the lower."

B. J. R.

"THE THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS."

ONE of the most curious books that has come to our table this season is Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class."¹ He proposes to discuss the place and value of the

¹ Macmillan Company, 1899.

leisure class as an economic factor in modern life, but inasmuch as he finds atavism one of its most distinguishing characteristics, he is constrained to look back to various phases of barbaric culture to find the explanation of its second characteristic, "conspicuous waste," with which is naturally correlated "conspicuous leisure." The honorific functions of a barbaric or feudal community are warfare and priestly offices, and from these he deduces most of the phenomena that he discerns in the leisure classes of to-day, with a good deal of exaggeration and much amusing paradox. We shall best give an idea of the book by a few citations.

The early differentiation out of which the distinction between a leisure and a working class arises is a division maintained between men's and women's work in the lower stages of barbarism. Likewise the earliest form of ownership is the ownership of women by the "able-bodied men," though "there was undoubtedly some appropriation of useful articles before the custom of appropriating women arose." Then gradually accumulated property replaced "the trophies of predatory exploit as the conventional exponent of prepotence and success," and wealth acquired by transmission became more honorific than that acquired by the possessor's own effort.

But this wealth must be seen to be appreciated. Hence the necessity for "conspicuous leisure." "From the days of the Greek philosophers to the present" this leisure "has ever been recognized by thoughtful men as a prerequisite to a worthy, or a beautiful, or even a blameless life." "The performance of labor has been accepted as a conventional evidence of inferior force; therefore it comes itself, by a mental short cut, to be regarded as intrinsically base." So much so as "even to set aside the instinct of self-preservation." Hence the desire to consume time unproductively, and to give such evidence of this feat as quasi-scholarly and quasi-artistic accomplishments, and the acquirement of an artificially elaborated decorum. "Few of us can dissociate an offense against etiquette from a sense of the substantial

unworthiness of the offender," for "a knowledge of good form is *prima facie* evidence that that portion of the well-bred person's life which is not spent under the observation of the spectator has been worthily spent in acquiring accomplishments that are of no lucrative effect." "In this way, by the process vulgarly known as snobbery, a syncopated evolution of gentle birth and breeding is achieved in the case of a goodly number, . . . in no way substantially inferior to others who have had a longer but less arduous training in the pecuniary proprieties." "A divine assurance and an impervious complaisance as of one habituated to require subservience and to take no thought for the morrow is the birth-right and the criterion of the gentleman at his best."

But leisure may be vicarious also. The more persons one can maintain in conspicuous idleness the more honorable one becomes. The utility of a retinue of servants consists largely "in their conspicuous exemption from productive labor, and in the evidence which this exemption affords of the master's wealth and power." Men are preferred to women, "because obviously more powerful and more expensive." And of course the vicarious leisure of the wife or wives is honorific to their owner also, "though the leisure of the lady and of the lackey differs from the leisure of the gentleman in his own right, in that it is an occupation of an ostensibly laborious kind." Yet aptitude and acquired skill in the formal manifestation of the servile relation, rather than any work done, constitutes the chief element of ability in our highly paid servants, as well as one of the chief ornaments of the well-bred housewife." So that "domestic service may be said to be a spiritual rather than a mechanical function." The time and efforts of a well-to-do household "are required to be all spent in a performance of conspicuous leisure, in the way of calls, drives, clubs, sewing circles, sports, charity organizations, and other like social functions. Those persons whose time and energy are employed in these matters privately avow that all these observances, as well as the incidental attention to dress and other conspicuous consumption of time, are very irksome but altogether

unavoidable," while "living has grown so elaborate and cumbrous in the way of dwellings, furniture, bric-a-brac, wardrobe, and meals, that the consumers of these things cannot make way with them in the required manner without help" of hired persons—"a concession of physical comfort to the moral need of pecuniary decency."

This conspicuous consumption must be always for the master's honor. In men at a certain stage of culture drunkenness is honorific—never in women, who consume only for the benefit of their masters. So too in feasts. "The guest consumes vicariously for his host" of his conspicuous superfluity, and where the husband cannot afford leisure for himself he gets honor by the idleness of his wife, who remains his chattel in theory, for "the habitual rendering of vicarious leisure and consumption is the abiding mark of the un-free servant."

The purpose both of conspicuous leisure and conspicuous consumption is waste, but the latter is now becoming of greater utility in relative effectiveness, because it gives scope also to "the instinct of workmanship," hence the elaboration of a pecuniary standard of living which weighs with especial rigor on the scholarly class, as do also the pecuniary canons of taste, about which Mr. Veblen has a very clever chapter, with some rather bitter words on "the reputable waste of expenditure" in churches and ritual, "backed by the principle that vicarious consumption should conspicuously not conduce to the comfort of the vicarious consumer." "Therefore priestly vestments are notoriously expensive, ornate, and inconvenient. And in the cults where the priestly servitor of the divinity is not conceived to serve him in the capacity of consort, they are of an austere, comfortless fashion. And such it is felt that they should be."

"The rehearsal of the service grows more perfunctory as the cult grows in age and consistency, and this perfunctoriness of the rehearsal is very pleasing to the correct, devout taste—and with a good reason, for the fact of its being perfunctory goes to say pointedly that the master for whom it is

performed is exalted above the vulgar need of actually proficuous service on the part of his servants. They are unprofitable servants, and there is an honorific implication for their master in their remaining unprofitable. It is needless to point out at this point the close analogy between the priestly office and the office of the footman. It is pleasing to our sense of what is fitting in either case to recognize in the obvious perfuctoriness of the service that it is *pro forma* execution only."

After this passage it will be needless to say that Mr. Veblen regards religion as an archaic survival. All that he says about it—and there is much too much—is to show, with a narrowness and blindness that is more pathetic than irritating, that he regards the clergy on earth and angels in heaven as a corps of servants, "their time and efforts being in great measure taken up with an industrially unproductive rehearsal of the meritorious characteristics and exploits of the divinity." He is at once more clever and more agreeable when speaking of the conventions of dress that find delight in the glow of a silk hat or a patent-leather shoe, and eschew with horror the equally beautiful glow of a threadbare sleeve; or in his remarks on pets, among whom he distinguishes the dog as "the filthiest of domestic animals in his person and the nastiest in his habits," for which "he makes up in a servile fawning attitude toward his master, and a readiness to inflict damage and discomfort on all else." Since he affords play to the propensity for mastery, is expensive, and commonly of no use, "he holds a well-assured place in men's regard as a thing of good repute."

It is hardly worth while to extend this already long review. The reader will get from the extracts we have given a sufficient idea of the book, much of which is excellent fooling, much of it just irony, and much of it a vicious attack on Christian ideals. It is not worth reading for instruction, in spite of its assumption of economic terminology; but there is an element of truth in its satire, and there is a taking incisiveness in some of its epigrammatic statements. It is to be read for amusement, and in that spirit

we have reviewed it here at a length that its serious value is far from justifying.

B. W. W.

A NEW CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

A CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Francis Newton Thorpe. Two volumes. New York: Harper Brothers. 1899.

The title of this book is hardly an adequate index of its contents. No one need look in these volumes for an account of the constitutional development of the federal government or for any treatment of the statute law or judicial decisions pertaining to the juristic domain usually associated with a work of this character. Mr. Thorpe finds the materials for his narrative in other quarters. He thinks that the national consciousness and the progressive growth of American governmental ideals have left their impress most directly and clearly in the series of State constitutions. Here one finds records more closely reflective of the spirit of the people than in the federal Constitution. The commonwealths, as the people responded to different waves of feeling or were forced to harmonize their government with the changed conditions of economic and social life, modified from time to time the fundamental law under which they lived. Apart from this accurate reflection of the ethics of the people one gets, too, in the State constitutions a broader outline of the whole content of the national life than the federal Constitution can ever give. Such is the thesis of the author, and in working it out he can congratulate himself that what he has lost in the matter of verbal accuracy he has gained in the novelty of his subject.

Naturally a subject so vast as this must be placed under certain limitations. It would be impossible in two volumes to summarize the contents and the changes in the successive constitutions of all the commonwealths. It would be almost as difficult to take up all the subjects discussed even in a few of them. There are fields of political energy that he does not touch at all. He confines himself to matters relating to the suffrage, the slavery question, education, the conflicting interests of the town and country populations. In

other words, his treatment of the State constitutions is topical and does not consist in an analysis *in extenso* of the documents themselves. In regard to Mr. Thorpe's method of selection in the choice of the constitutions themselves, he is obliged to limit himself to a study of the newer commonwealths, and refers only by way of illustration to the constitutional history of the Eastern States. Kentucky, California, Michigan, and Louisiana supply most of the material which appears in these pages. Emerging into statehood under conditions far different from those which had surrounded the genesis of their older neighbors, they were forced to deal on an independent basis with problems unfamiliar to their eighteenth century progenitors. And these volumes are filled with their attempts to meet untried difficulties and bear abundant proof of the wonderful vigor and optimism of the democratic type of polity. This energy in meeting or rather in anticipating the demands of an expansive civilization is seen to be a result of the wave of sentiment which transformed the conservative, cautious, and trained statesmanship of the early days of the republic into the exuberant audacity of the Jacksonian epoch. The great party leaders whose names became household words in the thirty or forty years before the civil war would have had little sympathy with the framers of the Constitution. They were separated from them in all that marks off this century from the last. A valuable portion of Mr. Thorpe's work is given up to an analysis of the changes which are typical of these two epochs.

These two volumes present us indeed with only a small fragment of what was being debated and fought out in the arena of politics. But the picture they give is strongly suggestive of these forces to which the extraordinary vitality of the American people is due. When one considers that only a small portion of this vitality could display itself in the records of constitutional conventions it can be seen that Mr. Thorpe has only approached the fringe of a large subject. A vast province composed of the records of State legislatures and the utterances of the public press is still an undiscovered

country; what fruitful and illuminating work lies before the student who analyses their contents! For instance, how can slavery ever be understood by the historian who confines himself to the Supreme Court decisions or the debates of Congress. Behind and beyond these lay the aspirations and convictions of multitudes of people which never found expression there.

It can easily be seen that what Mr. Thorpe has done is a stimulus to further work along the same lines, and should deserve especial recognition for its value in this respect alone. But the volumes have additional merits. As an interpreter of some of the most interesting episodes in our national life their author shows not only patient research but the capacity for wise selection of material and for direct, clear expression in the summary he has made. While he is in no way brilliant in a stylistic sense Mr. Thorpe is to be congratulated for his success in offering to the public a piece of work which is both solid and original.

W. L. B.

“THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.”

THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, a concise account of the war in the United States of America between 1860 and 1865, by John Codman Ropes, LL. D., with maps and plans. Part 2. The Campaigns of 1862. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.

This volume in Mr. Ropes' monumental work is characterized in even higher degree than the first by a critical impartiality that makes it one of the most valuable books yet written on the subject. It does not endeavor to give a complete account of all military movements, but examines selected campaigns in detail, and deduces from this examination judgments that are often new, and almost always convincing on the character and ability of the political and military leaders of the opposing forces and peoples, with an array of references that attests on every page the completeness of his mastery of the sources of official information.

Dr. Ropes' judgments of events are likely to find general acceptance. His judgments of character will inevitably provoke more differences of opinion, for here a personal equa-

tion becomes immediately involved, prejudices already formed color one's explanation of admitted facts, and the final judgment is based on so many factors that it is well-nigh impossible for the author to justify it, save by the general weight of his judicial ability. For our own part we are disposed to agree with Dr. Ropes throughout, but we can quite understand that zealous friends of Grant or of Lincoln might take exception to his strictures and to the scanty meed of praise that he finds due to actions that have been widely extolled. Irritation, too, is likely to be roused by his reluctance to make a scapegoat of McClellan, though Dr. Ropes accords him no heroic part.

The general impression that we get from this account of the second year of the civil war is of the same selfish and petty intrigues at the capital, the same exploiting of the government's necessities by the contractors, the same bungling wastefulness of effort in the field that characterized our last essay at war and is still fresh in the minds and the nostrils of all Americans. It is impossible here to show this in detail for all the campaigns, or even for any one of them, though we have found every chapter full of edification in the light of recent events. On the whole the Southern generals are found to have exceeded in ability their Northern opponents, and on their own ground the soldiers of the Confederacy were doubtless, man for man, superior to the Northern troops, though had the local conditions been reversed this superiority could hardly have been maintained, and inferiority of equipment told more and more against them as the war proceeded and the blockade grew more efficient. The North in 1862 had none to match Lee or Stonewall Jackson in military ability or in the power to inspire a confident devotion. But even Lee does not wholly escape Dr. Ropes' strictures, while Grant in his Donelson campaign seems to him to have accomplished creditably an easy task only to fail sadly in a more difficult one at Shiloh. For the rest it is hardly so much a contest of ability as of incompetence between the various generals, much as it was at Santiago. The volume is fully provided with maps for the cam-

paigns and battles that it analyzes. We shall await with interest the succeeding volume on the crucial year of the great war.

P. DE JULLEVILLE, HISTOIRE DE LA LANGUE ET DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE.
Vol. VII., Nineteenth Century, Romantic Period. Paris, 1899.

This monument of the catholic-spirited collaboration of French scholars grows in interest, if not in value, as it draws steadily toward its close. Since its inception four years ago the publication has proceeded without check, and already the parts of the final volume are beginning to appear. The present one covers, speaking roughly, the first half of the century from the literary beginnings of Chateaubriand to the death of Balzac. The editor in chief has chosen Lamartine for his own peculiar field, and represents in his treatment of him that wave of enthusiasm that after a considerable period of neglect followed the subsidence of the "naturalistic" tide, and will, in our opinion, subside in its turn, Lamartine's sentiment being altogether too false and histrionic to please any but a morbid generation. Romanticism in general is soberly handled by David Sauvageot, and the rather jejune literature of the first empire by Burgoin, special treatment being accorded to Joseph de Maistre, as is natural in a decade of ultramontane reaction, to Madame de Staël and to Chateaubriand, of whom Des Essarts writes with an enthusiasm that we find it impossible to share.

On the other hand, Gaston Deschamps' treatment of Victor Hugo is singularly discriminating, and carries the story of this fatuous national hero to his death in 1885, a generation too late for his good report. Deschamps rates Hugo's fiction higher than we should be disposed to do, but his chapter is to our mind the best in the volume. It is followed by a rather unsympathetic treatment of Romantic poetry by Chantavoine, and a carping one on the Romantic theater by Doumic, that "Me Too" of Brunetière, who fails to dignify with genius and learning the all too obvious faults of his master.

Eminently satisfactory to us is the treatment of the novel

by George Pellissier, whose only fault seems to be its enforced brevity. For a few more pages like those on Dumas, Mérimée, and Gautier we could well have spared Doumic's thirteen on the dramatic trifles of Musset. The evolution of history during this period affords scope for an interesting essay by Crozals, and in connection with the religious and philosophic writers we have a good appreciation of Lamennais and of Lacordaire by Cahen. Then Michel takes up the politicians till their muzzling after the *coup d'état* of 1852, a rather dreary waste of voluble folly, especially during the close of the period he is considering. A critique of criticism is confided to Emile Faguet, who certainly makes the best of a dry topic, and hands the pen to Joseph Texte, who writes with his usual mastery on his specialty, the literary relations of France with foreign countries, giving thus a sort of supplementary chapter to his "J. J. Rousseau and Literary Cosmopolitanism," of which we shall note later the just issued English translation. The obligatory chapters on French art and language follow, and seem to us rather more out of place than usual.

To our mind the best thing in the volume, after all, is the introduction to it, in which Faguet undertakes to show how the nineteenth century is intellectually the product of the French Revolution and of the Empire, which created a public taste wholly different from that before 1789. This reacted on literature, just as the audience does on the orator. Before 1789 literature was social. In becoming general it has become, not more comprehensive, but more personal, more individual as well as more serious and purposeful, and thus has rejuvenated history and philosophy.

Then, too, according to Faguet, the Revolution and the Empire mingled races and classes, and from this resulted the disappearance of standards of taste. Modern literature has ceased to have rules, or at least retains only those of general human nature. Liberalism and romanticism are in this sense synonymous. And from this it results that, while the earlier literature was dominated by reason, the modern is ruled by sentiment and feeling and imagination. Its

virtues will be candor, sincerity, boldness, *naïveté*. Its faults, eccentricity, impudence, impropriety, egoistic display, cynicism, and even while highly individualistic it will be often curiously cosmopolitan. This introduction is well worth reading, and we commend it to those whom the size of the whole work might repel from attempting its perusal.

B. W. W.

NOTES.

THE four papers that make up Professor Woodberry's "Heart of Man" (The Macmillan Company, 1899) are intended, as the author tells us, to illustrate how poetry, politics, and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit, and have their feeding roots in the common soil, "deep in the general heart of men." The first of them, "Taormina," is a description of the Sicilian village of that name and of its environs, with Etna in the background. Then follows the essay likely to attract most attention, "A New Defense of Poetry," or, as one might rather say, of the ideal in life and in all forms of art, an excellent piece of work, although a little extreme in some of its positions, as, for instance, in the statement that "tragedy and comedy belong alike to low civilizations, to wicked, brutal, or ridiculous types of character and disorderly events, to the confusion, ignorance, and ignominies of mankind." (P. 153.) In the next essay, "Democracy," is found to be the embodiment in society of the ideal life, whose relations to religion occupy the somewhat orphic "Ride," with which the volume closes. The book is a product of ripe thought and matured conviction, and is suggestive of Emerson in its stimulating grace of style.

According to the old Latin saying, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, we ought to admire Dr. James Haughton Woods's "Value of Religious Facts" (New York, Dutton, 1899) for we have found the sinuosities of his psychology rather a strain on the relaxed mind of summer. So far as we comprehend the purport of his little book, it seeks first to show that religion, as a matter of fact, is always more than an experience of ideal laws, and that it is in constant relation to a superhuman form of being in whom lies the meaning and fate of our life. Psychological facts, he says, permit us to treat religion as a unit and to trace contradictory forms to

simple sources. There is no religious life, he concludes, that is not the result of supersensuous power in the form of the stimulation or satisfaction of impulses of the will, and this makes it easier to believe in a progressive revelation of God in history, while religion itself may be treated as independent of other forms of life. All this is supposed to induce more serious persons to submit to the influences of the Christian religion. Its effect on us has been rather to evoke a rebellious mind.

An occasion memorable in the annals of the Diocese of New York, and indeed of the American Church, since it planted a standard of liberty in scriptural study toward which the friends of freedom of thought could look with confidence and hope, was the 14th of May, 1899, when in the pro-cathedral of the metropolitan city, Bishop Potter ordained to the priesthood the great Presbyterian teacher and scholar, Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs, together with a Methodist clergyman of distinction, Mr. Snedeker. To preach worthily on such an occasion was the difficult task that fell to Dr. George William Douglas, and those who read the sermon now printed by the Macmillans will agree with the distinguished audience that he acquitted himself well. He spoke of authority in the higher reality of its essential basis, in its vindication in the reason, the conscience, and in the spiritual intuitions of men. The failure of the Church to convert the world could, he said, be largely attributed to her failure to embody her message and to practise what she preached. She had not taught in the true sense as one having authority, for there was no authority like personal character. We are not surprised that the dignified eloquence of the distinguished preacher moved the congregation deeply, and we feel grateful at once to him and to the clergy whose united voice impelled this timely publication.

A NEW series of monographs on American literature has been begun by the Macmillan Co., under the editorship of

Prof. George E. Woodberry, of Columbia University. It is entitled "National Studies in American Letters," and its object "is to present the history and development of our literature during its first century in a form sufficiently *various* and many-sided to comprehend its many phases and their particular relation to historical movements, social conditions, localities, differences of origin, temperament, and environment—to exhibit, in general, its whole breadth and copiousness; and to do this in such a way as to make the entire series a complete view, valuable both for itself now and as a permanent record of the century."

Of the component volumes we may mention "Old Cambridge," by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, which now lies before us, and such promised contributions as "The American Historical Novel," by Paul Leicester Ford; "The Knickerbockers," by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke; "Southern Humorists," by John Kendrick Bangs, editor of *Literature*; "Brook Farm," by Lindsay Swift, of the Boston Public Library; "The Clergy in American Life and Letters," by the Rev. Daniel Dulaney Addison; and "Flower of Essex," by the general editor. It will be seen at once that this new series promises to be both entertaining and instructive, although it is also apparent that some editorial care will be required to keep the volumes from overlapping. We look forward with special interest to the volumes assigned to the Rev. Mr. Addison and to Mr. Bangs. It is a fact too little known that the humor of such *ante bellum* Southern writers as Judge Longstreet was greatly influential in developing the modern American humor of writers like Mark Twain.

Col. Higginson's book on "Old Cambridge" is readable like all his work, and will be eagerly consulted by all persons interested in the historic town of which he himself has long been *magna pars*. It is divided into five chapters. The first is on "Old Cambridge." The second describes the literary work of the town during the three epochs of the *North American Review*, the *Dial*, and the *Atlantic Month-*

ly. Then the three great authors, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, furnish each a title of a chapter. A good index proves how many interesting people are mentioned in the volume.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of New York, sends us an anonymous volume of short poems entitled "An Epic of the Soul." The author is said to be a man known in more than one department of literature. Such being the case, we see no reason why he should have kept his name from the public, for these eighty poems are quite worthy of attention. They record "the experience of one who has sounded the depths of doubt and despair, and emerged into light on the farther side." The poetical form employed seems to be new, consisting as it does of a five-lined stanza rhyming a, b, a, a, b, followed by three lines rhyming c, c, a. The effect is quite harmonious.

We have on our table "Contemporary French Novelists," by René Doumic (Crowell), an appropriate reminder of the distinguished critic's recent visit to America; "An Introduction to the Study of Literature," by Edwin Herbert Lewis; "From Comte to Benjamin Kidd," by Robert Mackintosh; "Child Life," by Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell, a good first reader; "A Collection of Poetry for School Reading," selected by Marcus White; "Ethics and Revelation," by Prof. Henry S. Nash; "Social Phases of Education in the School and Home," by Samuel T. Dutton—all from the Macmillan Company. The same company sends us volumes four and five of the admirable Temple reprint of North's "Plutarch," and "Bible Stories—New Testament," a supplementary volume to Dr. R. G. Moulton's well-known "Modern Reader's Bible."